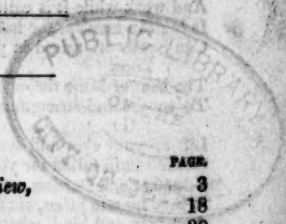


Vol 73

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 93L—5 April, 1862.



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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

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GO AND COME.

Thou sayest to us, "Go,
And work while it is called to-day; the sun
Is high in heaven, the harvest but begun;
Can hands oft raised in prayer, can hearts that
know
The beat of Mine through love and pain be slow
To soothe and strengthen?" still Thou sayest,
"Go;

Lift up your eyes and see where now the Line
Of God hath fallen for you, one with Mine
Your Lot and Portion. Go, where none relieves,
Where no one pities, thrust the sickle in
And reap and bind, where toil and want and sin
Are standing white, for here My harvests grow:
Go, glean for Me 'mid wasted frames outworn,
'Mid souls uncheered, uncared for; hearts for-
lorn,

With care and grief acquainted long, unknown
To earthly friend, of Heaven unmindful grown;
In homes where no one loves, where none be-
lieves,

For here I gather in my goodly sheaves;"
Thou sayest to us, "Go."

Thou sayest to us, "Go,
To conflict and to death;" while friends are
few

And foes are many, what hast Thou to do
With peace, Thou Son of Peace? A man of
war

Art Thou from Youth! when Thou dost girded
ride,

Two stern instructors, Truth and Mercy, guide
Thy hand to things of terror; friends and foe
Thine arrows feel; a sword before Thee goes,
And after Thee a fire, confusion stirred
Among the nations seen by the word
Of Meekness and of Right; "Yea, take and
eat

Of these My words," Thou sayest, "they are
sweet

As honey; yet this roll that now I press
Upon your lips will turn to bitterness
When ye shall speak its message; lo, a cry
Of wrath and madness, ere the ancient Lie
That wraps the roots of earth will quit its hold,
A shriek, a wrench abhorred; and yet be bold,
O ye my servants! take my rod and stand
Before the King, nor fear if in your hand
It seem unto a serpent's form to grow;
Rise up, my Priests! my Mighty Men, with
sound

Of solemn trumpet, walk this city round,
A blast will come from God, His word and will
Through hail and storm and ruin to fulfil;

Then shall ye see the Towers roll down, the
Wall

Built up with blood and tears and tortures fall,
And from the Living Grave the living Dead
Will rise, as from their sleep, disquieted;
O Earth, this Baptism of thine is slow!
Not dews from morning's womb, not gentle rains
That drop all night can wash away thy stains.
The fire must fall from Heaven; the blood must
flow

All round the Altar;"—still Thou sayest, "Go."

And that Thou sayest "Go,"
Our hearts are glad: for he is still Thy friend
And best beloved of all Whom Thou dost send
The furthest from Thee; this Thy servants
know;

Oh, send by whom Thou wilt, for they are blest
Who go Thine errands! Not upon Thy breast
We learn Thy secrets! Long beside Thy tomb
We wept, and lingered in the garden's gloom.
And oft we sought Thee in Thy House of Prayer
And in the Desert, yet Thou wert not there;
But as we journeyed sadly through a place
Obscure and mean, we lighted on a trace
Of Thy fresh footprints, and a whisper clear
Fell on our spirits,—Thou thyself wert near;
And from Thy servants' hearts Thy name
adored

Brake forth in fire; we said, "It is the Lord."
Our eyes were no more holden; on Thy face
We looked, and it was comely; full of grace,
And fair Thy lips; we held Thee by the feet,
We listened to Thy voice, and it was sweet,
And sweet the silence of our spirits; dumb
All other voices in the world that be
The while Thou saidest, "Come ye unto Me,"
And while Thou saidest, "Come."

We said to Thee, "Abide
With us, the Night draws on apace; but lo!
The cloud received Thee, parted from our side.
In blessing parted from us! Even so
The Heaven of Heavens must still receive Thee!
dark

And moonless skies bend o'er us as we row.
No stars appear, and sore against our bark
The current sets; yet nearer grows the Shore
Where we shall see Thee standing, never more
To bid us leave Thee! though Thy Realm is
wide,

And mansions many, never from Thy side
Thou sendest us again; by springs serene
Thou guidest us, and now to battle keen
We follow Thee, yet still, in peace or war,
Thou leadest us. Oh, not to sun or star
Thou sendest us, but sayest, "Come to Me,
And where I am, there shall my servants be."
Thou sayest to us, "COME."

—Good Words.

D ***

The following article published so long ago as October, in the *London Review*, a work under Methodist control, is remarkable for its appreciation of the character of the American Government and the rebellion. It is animated by the most friendly feeling, though somewhat chafed by misunderstanding of our sympathies, concerning the war in the Crimea, and by an erroneous notion that Americans suppose that England has kept the peace from fear of American arms. Perhaps there may be some truth in its opinion that politicians on this side have thought (in democratic times) to make capital by talking against England.

Some of the opening paragraphs will be read with interest, in the light of the President's late message in favor of Compensated Emancipation.

The Uprising of a Great People: or, The United States in 1861. By Count Agenor De Gasparin.

"How is slavery to come to its end?" has been the ever-recurring question with all who have of late years discussed the position of America, either with a friendly or a philosophic interest. Those who wished that country ill might be contented that its plague should not be abated, much less cured; but all who cared either for the United States, or for mankind, longed to see the day which should throw some light on the great problem in which the happiness of so many human beings and the honor of considerable portions of Christ's Church were involved. "When is the end to be?" asked many a slave in his bonds; and perhaps as intently, yet not so bitterly, many a good man who never felt the lash except upon his sympathies.

Among the many conjectures as to how its end was to come, it scarcely ever entered the head of any one to foretell that it would be by the act of the slaveholders precipitating themselves selfishly into a war, wherein, come out as they may, the one only inheritance for which they began, and for which they wage it, will be hopelessly damaged, if not forever swept away. It was only a power higher than that of man which could make their own mad pride the means of their captives' liberation; and many will think that we speak far too soon, and prophesy far too boldly, when we declare that we regard every step of the Southern States in their rebellion as an advance toward the ruin of the cause for which they flew to arms. But it is better to be thought rash, than to keep down strong convictions. We may be wrong; but, if so, we are content that the error

should be on record; and, if it prove an error, those who may judge more correctly, will join in the regret of our disappointment.

It seems scarcely within possibility that any other means than a war begun by the slaveholders could have brought the system to an end in any moderate time. The one rational and practical course seemed beyond all hope. Even the best Americans looked upon an Englishman as conveying taunt rather than friendly advice, as showing his British pride rather than as seriously seeking the welfare of America, when he spoke of a national ransom for the slaves of the Southern States, as in the case of the West Indies. This idea his American friend brushed aside with little concern, and no investigation. He looked on it as simply impossible; and in doing so he had hosts of reasons, feasible, sober reasons, to keep him in countenance. The sum would be far too enormous for any nation to bear, and such as would make England's boasted twenty millions a bagatelle. Very true; but how much less will be the sum spent on the war, and lost by it? Goodness is often costly to-day, but gainful to-morrow; and never would nation have done such a money-saving act as America, had it taxed itself heavily, and said to the slaves "Be free." But, the American always told you, that even if the North were willing to buy every slave by a national ransom, the South would spurn the offer, as a miserable, anti-chivalrous, Yankee way of dealing with a great institution. So the South said; but Americans did not mind offering to buy when they really wished to do so, even if the feelings of the holders were liable to be hurt. Spain made no secret that overtures for purchasing Cuba were insults; yet Americans could freely and openly discuss them. Had the South ever seen the fair chance for getting its money for its negroes, and being rid of the blessings and curses of slavery on good terms, it would have had some effect on the views taken of the relative proportions of blessing and curse in that system; and many, though not all, perhaps not a majority, would have thought that a fair compensation in hand, and a final quittance of contingencies, would be, if not a chivalrous, a very comfortable, termination of slaveholding.

But the South never had a serious propo-

sal to ransom the slaves before it; the North never rose to the height of such a design, and even to the last showed not the faintest symptom of doing so. A quarter of a century was given from the time that the example of a nation disentangling itself from slavery by an act of redemption had been set; and that period was full charged with proofs of the dangers which the system entailed. It had come to be manifest that no public question in America was unaffected by this cardinal one. It was a question of property, and therefore calculated to rouse the most passionate efforts of political men. It turned elections, formed cabinets, shaped foreign politics, decided the choice of officials, from ambassadors and judges down to postmen; provoked war; raised up schools of buccaneering politicians, whose morals, learned in the slave-market, and edged by the rich profits of the plantations, made light of national rights, as of individual liberties, and held all means happy and worthy which aimed at the golden end of extending the fields for remunerative planting, and procuring the slaves to make them pay. A worse, a baser, a more sanguinary code than these men acknowledged, and acted upon, has never been current under settled governments, to say nothing of civilized or Christian countries.

The danger of allowing a party dependent on such an illicit support as slavery to rule a nation, is so obvious that one cannot but stand stupefied at human folly, as displayed by the most boastful race existing, or that ever did exist. The slaveholders were a minority; yet during the quarter of a century which followed the practical appeal made to America by emancipation throughout the British Empire, they were permitted by the majority to hold the reins of power, and shape the course of foreign policy and domestic legislature; and to-day that majority is paying, grieving, and bleeding in consequence.

Why did the majority permit it? Because it was the interest of many to be friends with the slaveholders; the desire of others to keep things quiet; and the habit of all to make the best of a national fault. The absurdity of those who ascribe the rupture between North and South to so vague a cause as "incompatibility" of temper is clear enough on all grounds; but especially on this ground,

that the interests of the two sections of country were so identified that the South itself firmly believed, and never made a secret of its persuasion, that the North was entirely dependent upon it for its prosperity; while, on the other hand, the merchants, bankers, and shippers of the North, and, still more, its ambitious politicians, ostentatiously acknowledged the value of their connection with the South. This sense of identical interests is the strongest antidote to incompatibility; and nothing but a cause of difference which wounded feelings deeper even than self-interest, could have brought into hostile camps two portions of a nation so mutually helpful, and even necessary to each other's wealth and advancement.

All the interests of the North advised close union with the South, at any sacrifice of principle; and all the men of the North who were ruled by the sense of interest, made conciliation of the South their guiding object; for which pride, conscience, consistency, the posture of their nation before others, their own place among civilized men, the right of their churches to preach the gospel of universal brotherhood, of their press, to denounce tyranny, legalized or not, of their orators on any spot of American soil to speak sentiments of free men, of their religious and benevolent societies to display the true Christian abhorrence of organized and legal injustice,—all these sacred rights were by some bartered without a qualm, and by others painfully parted with, though conscience and wisdom whispered things hard to hear of days of reckoning.

It is not so hard for us to understand how Americans could be so much under the influence of the slaving interest, when we consider how far both the mercantile and landed classes in our country have been so, within our own memory, and, alas! *are so at this moment*. Three thousand miles of sea always rolled between Liverpool and Jamaica, between Bristol and Barbadoes; not so between Philadelphia and Virginia, or between New York and Carolina. Putting the whole of the population and wealth of the West Indies together, what proportion did they bear to those of the British Isles? Yet were not Liverpool and Bristol zealous supporters of the West India interest? and was not that interest ascendant among the landed gentry, omnipotent in the

press, and victorious in Parliament, till, by slow degrees, the religious benevolence of a few roused the human sympathies of the many; and the powerful West India interests, contending to the last, was not annihilated, but overborne by a tide of adverse feeling? And if remote and small interests like these could so affect our nation, how much more would the near, the momentous, the all-pervading interest of the Slave States affect the other parts of America! Every great capitalist had his stake in the South, every tradesman his relatives, every editor and preacher his friends. The two parts of the country were interlaced by every sort of family, mercantile, and political sympathy.

All this made it no less unwise in men out of the Slave States to trifle with the accursed system; but it made it more difficult for them to see how far even their own welfare, viewed by a stronger light than self-interest can ever lend, was imperilled by its continued existence. The mass of men are unwilling to disturb the gains of to-day, by measures which only provide for its duties, though they may also provide safely for tomorrow.

But, in spite of all the ties which united men at the North to the interests of the slaveholders, and brought them into sympathy with their feelings, the voice of Christianity made itself heard in the breasts of many. It was doubtless gainful to have great planting States, in climates not friendly to whites, to buy the goods of the North; but it was wrong to keep millions of men in bondage. The nature of that bondage became more and more abominable. Law followed upon law, rendering the condition of the slave more helpless, and the criminality of the masters more conspicuous. It is rather the fashion among those who affect to know more of slavery than the crowd, to write as if its form in America were totally different from the popular notion, and much less objectionable in working than we could suppose it to be. This is not the case. Its legal position in America is worse than in any Mohammedan or even pagan country in the world. True, the law forbids the master to kill his slave, but it also forbids the reception of any evidence against him but that of white men; thus putting slave murder easily within the power of any wretch who chooses to resort

to it. And American slavery has curses in it unknown to the laws of any other nation, civilized or uncivilized. Among the Turks, a man who begins life a slave, may end it a potentate; a woman who bears a child to her master, gains thereby her right to freedom; and in the most savage parts of West Africa, the slave may ransom himself, if he can, or be ransomed by any friend. But many of the States of America, by law, forbid either education or redemption; a horrible descent below all former depths of dark doing, which in itself was sure to lead those who had gone down so far into lower and inevitable gulfs.

It is folly to expect that a system which gives such criminal powers to bad men can be carried on without great and crying outrages. We do not believe that American slaveholders are worse than British would be under such laws. We know that many of them are humane, and careful of the poor creatures whose liberty lies dead at their feet; but even they are familiar with acts of wrong, the report of which scarce moves a muscle of their faces, though it would excite the indignation of any man living in a free country. Cases of fearful moral and physical abuse of slaves, male and female; cases of men selling their own children, or the children of their own fathers, or working them as slaves; are, we believe, far more common than many English authorities are disposed to admit.

But whether on grounds of abstract injustice, or on those of individual wrongs, the feelings of good men in the North slowly but steadily rose against the system. Every expression of opinion against slavery was treated by the South as it must necessarily be treated. Men who are living by violence, whose position and wealth are secured by violence, must bitterly feel every word that would awaken their victims to the consciousness that they have friends. It is a fashion both in the North and in England to cast loud blame on the fanaticism of abolitionists, as the cause of the more violent and oppressive attitude of the slave-owners. With any abolitionism which proposed to gain its end by any but peaceful and legal means we profess no sympathy; but not all the wildness of the most ultra abolitionist, who would have over-ridden law, and throw peace to the winds, did half so much to con-

firm the slavers in their violent courses, as the countenance, more or less cordial, but always effective, of those respectable men, who, professing to be opposed to slavery "in the abstract," were always against the abolitionist, and for the slaver in the concrete. Had the moderate men of the North, had its religious men, with anything like unanimity, said to the abolitionist, "No, we will not tear up the Constitution, nor set ourselves above the law; we will not take up arms, nor break national covenants;" and then said to the slaver, "We will not stand by and see steps taken to make that a perpetual plague which the Constitution obliquely admits as a temporary anomaly: we will not permit that to be a power which was only a tolerated evil: and we will take every legal, every constitutional, means put within our reach to rid America of the last trace of slavery;"—had they said this, the slavers would never have passed from their original position, as representing questionable claims, to assume a sacred place of superiority, in which they and their "property" were to be forever protected against the advances of Christian principle.

It was the cover given to them by Northern apologists and abettors, political, commercial, and religious, that encouraged them to those bold strides which have at last brought them to rebellion. The calculating men of New York and New England, those men who prided themselves on wisdom, forecast, and consideration, are the men at whose door lies the blood now being shed. They discouraged the real anti-slavery feeling, they voted for pro-slavery presidents; they gave the South confidence that it should be protected in courses which were sure to bring woe on any country; they made it impossible to place an effectual check on the slave power, or to carry into office men who would honestly administer the Constitution with a view to the ultimate extinction of the evil; they magnified any excess of abolitionist zeal, palliated every violence of the slavers; and, professing to discountenance sectional policy to favor national views, they fed to fatal repletion the proud ambition of the worst section of the civilized world.

It was impossible to convince these men that an American slaver was the same sort of creature as any other man who lives by

violence. They were gentlemen, high-minded men, large numbers of them religious men, above cruelty, above sordid motives; with them the slave question was not one between living luxuriantly by dishonest means, or laboriously by honest ones; on the contrary, it was a high, even a lofty matter of political pride, chivalrous feeling, and manly indignation against the low fanaticism of Northern abolitionists, and the dictation of English meddlers. This sober nonsense was, as a matter of course, paraded before any foreigner, by those very people who claim to be worldly-wise. We have often listened to it with silent amazement. Now the slaver has come out, and proved himself to be what all common sense must have declared he would be,—a man ruled by one idea, his property; in whom that idea was constantly irritated by his violent grasp and uncertain hold of the property; who for the sake of property could pervert every light of reason, every instinct of humanity, every lesson of the Gospel, could sacrifice his country, could use the highest trust to plot the basest treason, could purloin public goods, and seduce public servants, could first use, then betray, then turn round and shoot the men on whose support he had all along leaned in securing his guilty gains. It is now in vain to talk of the honor of the great slaveholders; they have proved themselves false to oaths, trusts, friendships, to every alliance but that of mutual interest, to every tie but that which held the slave to them. The pro-slavery party in the North now see what their old allies were, and profess to be surprised.

Between the reckless abolitionist, and the Northern abettor of slavery, lay a great and rising power of sincere anti-slavery men, who, with endless diversity of views as to the best mode of dealing with the evil, steadily sought to bring it down. It would astonish people in England, who justly boast of our own anti-slavery heroes, could they go through the annals of the last forty years in America. The cases in which property has been sacrificed by manumissions are so numerous, and the sums of such magnitude, that, put together, they would form one of the glorious chapters which adorn the history of the gospel. The cases in which violence has been dared, life and limb ex-

posed or sacrificed, have surpassed any ideas we have, or any example we could show. That same Mr. Cassius Clay, who made a foolish speech at Paris, threatening England with the joint wrath of France and America, which England had felt twice already, when immeasurably less powerful than now, and outlived it,—that very man has led a life which, were it well told to the English people, would make him one of the greatest public favorites, in spite of his hasty wrath against our supposed apostasy from our anti-slavery principles. Born in a Slave State, and himself a slaveholder, he not only released his own chattels, but devoted the influence of a great family name, a noble character, some talent, and immense energy, to preach against slavery on slave soil. With pistols by his side, he has written his tirades, not against abuses away across the sea, but against the doings of the men who were at his threshold, and panting for his blood. Mobbed, outraged, in the utmost peril again and again, he has never flinched from his post, sought a covert in a Free State, or relaxed the vigor of his onslaughts on slavery. Compared with such a life, that of our Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, was feather-bed soldiering. In his warfare against the plague he abhorred, England was his pride, his ideal, his boast; and when he saw his country plunged into war by slavery, he naturally looked to England as the stanch ally of the North, the stern opponent of the South. Whether he expected more than moral support and moral disfavor, we cannot say; but those he never dreamed would fail. Coming to England, he found our leading journal daily and diligently misinforming the public as to the causes of the quarrel, and teaching us to believe that slavery had scarcely anything to do with it; he found many in high places disposed to speak of the South, not as he thought Englishmen would speak of a pro-slavery rebellion. He imagined that the proclamation of a wise and honest neutrality meant friendship and favor to the South; and thus fancied that his country, in the first juncture of his lifetime when he felt unqualified pride in her attitude, rising, as she was, to defend herself against the blows of traitors who conspired because their prey was to be disturbed, had been not only forsaken, but betrayed, by the one power on

which any nation contending against slavery might have naturally counted for sympathy. Hence his unreasonable heat, and his absurd menaces.

It was hard for Americans to understand the posture of England, and hard for Englishmen to appreciate that of America. They, knowing our hatred of slavery, naturally counted on an outburst of enthusiasm in favor of the North, and did not find it. Here, on the other hand, the propositions of Northern statesmen read as if intended to prove that on slavery there was little difference between them and the South; and that the quarrel rather regarded questions of balance of power, jurisdiction, or some other constitutional idea, than slavery. In such questions Englishmen felt no interest; and could we believe that the press was as ignorant as the public, we should give credit for a mistake. But we must above all be honest. We can believe a great deal as to the ignorance of the press; but we are not able to persuade ourselves that the men who write for such journals as the *Times*, are so helplessly ill-informed on American affairs, as they must be if they wrote according to their best lights.

The first feeling in England on the outburst of revolution was one of real regret; and the graceful allusion to the question in the speech from the throne truly reflected the public feeling, which deprecated bloodshed. This was not, as the Americans seemed to suppose, merely a desire to see the United States split up. We are far from denying that many thought that a separation would be good for America, and for all the world: some on the ground that the Slave States left to themselves must soon collapse, and thus end their course of crime; some on the ground that two communities such as the North and South, after having been once incensed against one another, could never live together again in peace; and some on the vulgar, worldly-wise ground that America was an ambitious, boastful country, and it would lower its pride, and make the world more secure, to have it divided. But though those who so thought might be many, they were a small part of the community; the general feeling was an honest aversion to see such a nation either committed to the horrors of civil war, or rent in twain: and that from the right and manly feeling of dis-

like to war, and reluctance to see the ruin of a great nation. Just the same good feeling which has always made the British people averse to a war between England and America, made them deprecate one between North and South; a feeling of horror at seeing men of the same race and blood rush into battle against each other.

There is, perhaps, nothing in which the politicians of America less understand the English, than on the point of their often-manifested repugnance to fight America. It is ascribed, by some, to fear of the American arms; whereas, if there be one thing plain, it is that our people have had, at least, a sufficiently low view of the miserable military condition and preparations of America. Their feeling has been, that Jonathan richly deserved a good beating, and that it could be administered with ease; but he spoke our own tongue, and was of our own blood; therefore, said the heart of the English, never fight the Americans but under dire necessity; and, if forced to do it, fight them with a vigor never displayed before. Americans confound conquest with defeat. Englishmen never dream that they could make a conquest of the United States; and would no more attempt to subdue those vast territories, than to annex Russia. But they do often laugh, inwardly, to hear Americans talk of the comparative military strength of the two countries, when every sentence shows the Englishman that all their ideas go on the old revolutionary war; and that, because they feel that England could not overrun their endless country, therefore she is the weaker power. The very idea, that she could invade and trouble the country, tells where the truth lies. No, we could at any time inflict on America fearful injuries, and receive but slight ones. Before she could organize a navy, we could desolate all her ports; before she could organize an army, we could place a force in Canada which would laugh at her attempts; and, if her privateers seized some of our ships, they must find foreign ports; for those of their own seaboard would be locked up. Americans so far dupe themselves as to speak of the war of 1812 as a triumph. Let them ask, if England had been invaded, its rivers scoured, its ports harrassed, and its capital taken, would she have been counted the victor? That struggle was ungenerously forced

on England, when she had upon her hands the full weight of Bonaparte's war; but in it England suffered nothing, though what she attempted several times failed. It was the American soil on which blood ran, and the American shores which saw, now a city successfully defending itself, now another ingloriously fall, now a ship make a capture, now another become a captive. And, had England been free-handed, able to bend all her strength on America, instead of spending only what she could spare from Bonaparte, how different would have been the tale!

No! the reluctance of England to war with America has been from any cause but military fears. We cannot plead, on the other hand, that it has been from any persuasion of America's deserts. To speak the truth, we believe that the general feeling is quite the contrary. All believe that our reluctance to fight has been ungenerously abused, our territory encroached upon, and our statesmen put to more severe tests of temper than by any other civilized government. One odious fact has long stared us in the face, that, when an American President wanted to make political capital, it was a good expedient to get up a quarrel with England. Every man here knew that an English statesman, suspected of wantonly raising a misunderstanding with the United States, would, instead of gaining, fatally lose public regard; and the fact, that the opposite was the case in America, made the clear and painful impression that ill-will to us was so general, that to pander to it was popular. Therefore, the general feeling has been, beyond question, that the Americans richly deserved to feel our arms, and would be the better for it. But, again, they were our own flesh and blood.

When, at the conclusion of the Crimean war, England stood with such an army as she never had, and such a navy as the world never saw, in a condition of preparedness for war, without parallel in her annals, and solely disappointed that Russia submitted, and France urged peace; when, in these circumstances, she found herself face to face with an American dispute, about the recruiting question, first, and the Bay Islands, next,—a dispute mischievously urged by the government of Mr. Pierce; and following on the long provocation from press and people,

during the war, by their strongly manifested preference for Russia; when, with a force which the people believed, and the statesmen knew, to be capable of sweeping the American seas, and possessing the American ports, in a few weeks, she found herself insulted and provoked by a feeble administration, did she take advantage? Did she not readily accept the return to reason which followed the submission of Russia? Still she felt that the old, ungenerous game of 1812 had been played over again; and that, had not the close of the opportunity prevented, we might have had another American war forced on us when our hands were full.

We forbore, the South said, only because of self-interest; England must have cotton, and therefore endured being bearded. There is much weight in this; but it is by no means all. Strong as was the desire to keep open our cotton supplies, the repugnance to fight with our own kin was yet a stronger element in our peaceful policy to America; and it was this same feeling which, at the outset of the present crisis, caused the universal desire to see it pass without actual war.

This feeling, and the general tone of our press and our politicians, during the first stages of the dispute, were highly creditable to the nation. We may, hereafter, defy the Americans to point to any act of ours tending to exasperate the quarrel, or turn into physical conflict what as yet was only political rupture. Had England sought to embitter the dispute, she might have expected some of the unworthy suspicions which were early announced as to her intentions, and the reproaches which have since been sent to us from certain parties in America. It is true that men of all classes looked on with astonishment at the facility with which the political fabric of the Union dissolved. Even those of us—and that was the great majority—who regard the Federal Government as an ingenious but ill-contrived machine, capable of standing and moving in fair circumstances, but not capable of bearing a strain, were not prepared to see it made the very instrument for destroying the Union. Rebellions are familiar in history, both of republics and monarchies. Plots are familiar too. But a rebellion, not of individual partisans, but of sovereign States; a plot,

not by outdoor conspirators, but by the Cabinet, came upon most with the surprise of a fabulous event. Contempt for the villainess of the men was almost lost in surprise at the weakness of the system; and, when the President himself meekly reasoned with, and tacitly commended, the revolutionists, and aimed his reproaches not at them, but at their opponents, then wonder ceased to grow; and we could only meditate over one more spectacle of a government destroyed, but this time by its own hand, and wait to see how the recuperative force of a great people might reconstruct the Union, which the feebleness of a system and the falseness of men had brought to a pitiable dissolution.

"Will it come to war?" was the question long debated. The South had been preparing, and the long tenure of power by the slave party had placed all public posts in the hands of their adherents. They had officers, organization, perfect mutual understanding; and they took care to steal the guns, munitions, and money of the Government, whenever they found it possible. Still, hope persisted against hope.

Our pro-South politicians then began to show their tendencies; and the English press was disgraced by urgent recommendations to compromise. Had the North done so, not only would the chains of the slave have been riveted as they never were before, but the subjection of the North to the South, from which it had just arisen, would have thenceforth been absolute servitude. The North did not compromise. Its new President manfully avowed his adherence to that Constitution which he was elected to administer, and sworn to support. Some Englishmen reproached him that he did not declare for the abolition of slavery. He had no power to do so; the Constitution gave him none. No law, no vote, no trust placed it in his hands. It was elsewhere; and his were other powers, which he would faithfully use, as he had sworn to use them. Had he at once declared for abolition, it would have divided the North within itself, as effectually as North and South were already divided; for multitudes who would sustain the Government in constitutional acts, and zealously fight for it, if assailed, would resent, as usurpation, any exercise of power not legally vested in it, and scorn, as madness, any overt violence against the slave power.

But many of those who held up the professions of Mr. Lincoln to the English people, as proof that there was little or no difference between him and Jefferson Davis on the question of slavery, could not possibly be so ignorant as they pretended to be. It would argue as much information to say that a lord lieutenant of Ireland was a Papist, because he would administer the laws which recognize and endow Maynooth. He has no other title to the post than a willingness to administer the law as it is; and, if he propose to depart from it while it is law, he is false to all trust. This was Mr. Lincoln's position. His whole life had been given to the anti-slavery cause; for it he had suffered long political ostracism, had made more sacrifices than any English politician ever did; and, just because his mode of proceeding to his end has to be now, as it had ever been, by the slow steps of legal reform, instead of by swift and riskful strokes of power, he was to be represented to Englishmen as another kind of slavemonger, and his party as contending, not against slavery, but for land! We deliberately repeat, that, however innocent may have been the ignorance of some on this point, it could not have been so with all.

The South thoroughly understood the significance of the change of government. By help of Northerners, who played false to freedom and to their country, they had long elected their own instruments. Their final triumph was the election of James Buchanan, the old man who had offended the decencies of even political life, by his plans for robbing other countries of their possessions, in order to please the president-making South; and who presided over a traitorous Cabinet in a spirit as well calculated to foster their schemes, as the maternal heat of the hen is to hatch the eggs she covers. That election was the greatest calamity which has yet befallen America; that man, the worst enemy she has ever seen; and the pro-South city of New York is not unjustly suffering. For, if Buchanan betrayed the country, she knew what he was, and gave him a sweeping majority.

The South wanted another such instrument, and a Northerner, Judge Douglas, had long been proffering himself as such; but, seeing the steady growth of anti-slavery feeling in the North, he had tried to trim his sails so as to catch a little of the changing

wind. The South saw his vacillation, a stancher slaver was sought; both were defeated, and honest Abraham Lincoln, of whose fitness or unfitness for the post of a nation's head we cannot pretend to judge, but, who was well worthy to represent the anti-slavery party, became the President of the United States.

What said the South? "There is little to choose between him and us on the subject of slavery?" No; precisely the opposite of that. They said, in effect, "If we remain under this Government, the days of slavery are numbered. We must set our house in order. Before Lincoln gets the reins into his hand, let us carry our States out of the Union, and frighten the North into conceding all we wish, or fight till they acknowledge our independence." If the North and its new Government were as much pro-slavery as the South; if they were not bent on bringing the slave power down, then the South knew nothing of the matter, alarmed itself by chimeras, and put all its possessions to the risk of war, without even a shadow of danger to justify its fears. A more arrant absurdity than this has never been heard in even political explanations. No, no; the South rebelled, with good reason. The anti-slavery feeling at the North had steadily grown, and, at last, had created a majority, and slavery was in danger.

Up to the time when the secessionists became rebels and assailed the Government, by the destruction of Fort Sumter, the hope that all might somehow conclude without bloodshed was not quite chimerical, and the wish was certainly right. But how any sane man could, after that, talk of peaceful separation, we cannot understand:—of course, we mean any sane man who does not hold the principles of the Peace Society. If ever it is lawful to fight, it is when a government has to contend for its own existence. If ever a government is bound not to lie down and abdicate at the bidding of a rebel, it is when that rebel raises his hand not because he has been oppressed, but because he fears that he will be interrupted in a course of oppression; not because the law has been wrested to undermine his liberties, but because he fears that it may be used to bring release to his victims. If ever a government felt clear in its consciousness of right, it must have been that of Mr. Lincoln; and if

ever rebellion was foul, it was that by which it saw itself assailed. If all war be wrong, it was wrong in defending itself; but if any war ever was right, the call to arms which bore the signature of Abraham Lincoln, coming after much patience and serious provocation, was a justifiable call. That Government had no right to abdicate; it was installed to defend the Union, and bound to do so by its oaths; and if there are beings on earth who would scorn a president placed in such a post who saw his flag rebelliously shot down, without trying his power to punish the rebels, it is those very Englishmen who, by a strange whim of sentiment, have chidden Mr. Lincoln for not letting the rebels have their triumph uncontested.

But, it is said, he cannot conquer the South: if so, the necessity of letting them have their independence will appear by the significant proofs which war brings; and necessity will make their recognition both lawful and possible to the Government, which without proved necessity would have been an act never done by a government yet. We have no doubt that the very men who reproach the people of the North for fighting, would have reviled them for cowardice, had they let the slavers form themselves into a new nation with the portentous mission of "eternizing slavery," without straining every nerve, and making every sacrifice, to prevent such a consummation.

War is horrible, very horrible; and we heartily sympathize with every effort to bring it to an end; but we will not pretend to understand men who can approve of our Government defending itself whenever attacked, and most of all if attacked by rebellion at home, who can approve of the Italian Government defending itself against Neapolitan insurgents, of the Chinese Government defending itself against Tae Pings, of every government in the world defending itself against rebellion; and who yet do all in their power to deprive the Government of America of such moral support as the acknowledgment of its rights would give it.

"Had the two sections of the country not better peacefully separate?" This is either a very simple Utopianism, or very thinly veiled ill-will. Does any practical man believe that two such powers could peacefully separate? The territory not included in any State, but belonging to the Federal Govern-

ment, is as large as Europe; and suppose that the North consented to let the Slave States go, would they peaceably go without this territory? Why, it is in it that their hope of founding the greatest empire in the world lies; it was to make it into Slave States they all along plotted; and the certainty that under the United States no more of it could be turned to that destiny, has been the most humiliating of all their grievances. No, they would have that territory. Would the North give it up? Not while they had the spirit of men; to surrender that heritage of their nation to be the dowry of a perpetual slavery would be to them the bitterest of disgrace, as well as the heaviest of losses. It is a great prize, and a great principle is involved. Had the North been content to let that territory become Slave States, it might have enjoyed the additional demand for its own manufactures which they would have created; and suffered no damage beyond the moral one of seeing a bad power strengthened. But it resolved that this land, that all land not yet blighted by slavery, should be held forever free from it, preferring the honorable rivalry of new Free States to the certain custom of more Slave ones. It contended long, and with great efforts, for the freedom of this virgin soil; could it therefore not only allow the secessionists to break up the Union by their own departure, but to extend slavery as they never could have done in the Union, by giving them all this field for new States? They who can believe that anything would bring the two parties to agree on this subject, but a state of matters in which one was obliged to accept terms, or both were exhausted, must have read their experience from the records of a different world from that with which it has been our lot to be acquainted. Had not the Government taken the ground taken in all times by all governments, that it was their duty, if in their power, to punish rebellion; had they consented to treat with the rebels without being compelled by circumstances to do so; they would have come to blows about the terms of partition, with as little hope of settlement as about the terms of union.

However, the idea of a peaceable separation may, in some cases, arise not from the simplicity of one who fancies it to be possible, but from the feelings of one who wishes

to see the United States divided. To such we have only to say that the wish is wrong. Few forms of malice are more wicked than that which wishes ill to a nation. The man who wished to see my country rent into two, that it might be weaker, and less capable of interfering with his, would entertain a feeling that is not only bad, but full of many sources of badness. Patriotism used to be cherished in a form which taught men to regard the sorrows, the poverty, and the depression of other countries as the gain of their own. The lone voice of the Christian, denouncing all malice, and teaching to bewail all calamities, to hail all happiness, was long the only protest heard by men against this dark form of selfishness; but in our day the voices of philosophy and social science have strongly echoed that of Christianity. They teach by self-interest; showing that the prosperity of our neighbors re-acts for our benefit, and that their calamities are indirect losses to ourselves. We object, then, to share a wish for the breaking up of the American nation, on the simple ground that it is wrong.

"But," it is asked, "suppose the North could conquer the South, how could they ever live together in peace again?" And suppose that the South should gain its independence, how can they ever live in peace side by side? When we consider the immensely extended frontier, the questions that must arise about navigating rivers, about the escape of slaves, the extradition of criminals, the attempts to spread anti-slavery documents, what could we look for but a perpetuity of war, compared with which the old reign of foray and raid on the borders of England and Scotland would be but boy's play? It might have been asked little more than a century ago (1745), how ever Scotland and England could live together in peace, if England conquered her by the sword. Culloden was a bloody field; but what tens of thousands of lives which would have been lost in wars were saved by the issue of that day! And if England had cause to be thankful for the victory, has not Scotland now much stronger cause to be thankful for the defeat? Precisely the same may be said of Ireland nearly half a century later. Two contiguous countries, really parts of one country, have infinitely more hope of living happily under one govern-

ment, than as rivals; and experience does not prove that the resentments consequent on civil discord are near so enduring when rebellion is put down, as when it sets two hostile nations side by side.

Some, however, indeed many, politicians suppose that the division of the United States would be for the general good, and especially for that of our own empire, by preventing the growth of a dangerous power, and lowering the overweening boastfulness and bullying tone for which Americans have rendered themselves notorious. Anything that would abate these last would be a public good, and to the Americans themselves a marvellous improvement; but, nevertheless, we always doubt the wisdom of those politics which desire our neighbor's injury for our own good, and the benevolence of those which desire it for his good; we have more faith in the policy of wishing people well, without one reason to show for it, but that it is right, than in that of wishing them ill, with all the deep reasons of the deep men of the world for it. In fact, our experience teaches us to attach exceedingly little value to the opinions of those who calculate how their own good will come out of their neighbor's trouble. Their selfish forecast is a great obstruction to that foresight of which it is the mean parody. We have far too high a view of the mission and providential place of the British Empire to feel anything like complacency, when its greater glory is sought by the humiliation of any Christian country.

But we have not a worse opinion of the principle of wishing for a disruption of the States, than of the policy of it; and though in this we may look for much less concurrence, we are not less convinced in our own minds. To think that it would be for the safety of British interests on the other side of the Atlantic, that the United States should be split into two rival nations, is, we humbly think, the reverse of far-seeing. As heretofore constituted, the States, though able to repel any invasion in the long run, were perfectly harmless as to foreign war. They might trouble a ruin like Mexico; but they had no army, no navy, for which a military power need care in the least. They could not invade anything, except where, as in Mexico, there was nobody worth naming to defend. But if two rival nations be

formed, both must be military powers, both must be naval powers. The one would border on our North American, the other on our West Indian possessions. The one will desire Canada, the other must have the West Indies. In Europe, France and Russia force us to keep up ruinously costly armaments; and were two great military states placed on our transatlantic frontiers, we must prepare for a new scale of armament, and for new and frequent uses for our arms.

We have, then, no hesitation in wishing on grounds of policy what is right on grounds of principle, that our American friends may see their present troubles as happily ended, as those have been which in past times arrayed the different parts of this now really united kingdom in deadly conflict. If asked whether we expect it, our reply is that we hardly know. The war is only begun; and we do not pretend to see its end. Many seem to think that a week or two is a long time in such a struggle. We fear that a year or two may pass before any one is entitled to form decided opinions as to how it may turn. But uncertainty as to the issue is only an additional reason for honest men to say what they desire; and our fervent desire is to see the South utterly vanquished. Yet we do not profess to wish for the North an easy victory. All the well-informed Northerners we know anticipated defeat in the first few battles; and some of them confidently expected that Washington would have been taken before now; but their calculation was, that each defeat would but bring out the resources of the North, each victory but exhaust those of the South. Our own feeling has always been, that an easy victory over the South would have left the question of slavery where it stood before the war; for, in that case, the North, both from policy and generosity, would have given the South the easiest possible terms. Since the slaveholder had himself invoked the sword, as the arbiter of his rights in human property, it is well that those rights should perish by the sword.

The Federal Government, suffering under the disgraceful rout of Bull's Run, and the serious reverse at Springfield, has shown no disposition to call upon the slaves to rise; but, on the other hand, none to conciliate their momentarily victorious masters. On

the contrary, with the constancy and the calmness given by conscious resources, it continues to fall back upon its reserves of men and means, gathering up its strength, while it knows that the enemy is wasting his. At the same time, it steadily moves toward the emancipation of the slave; without, however, as yet doing an act which could be called a violation of the Constitution. First came the measure by which all slaves taking refuge in the lines of the troops were detained, and, if they belonged to rebel masters, were released as contraband of war. Any constitution admits of confiscating the goods of a rebel. But the last measure is a far wider one, and will exercise a great influence on the question of slavery. It provides not only for the emancipation of the slaves of rebel masters, but of all who come within the lines of the Federal army. Further they have declared all property of every rebel confiscated,—a measure within the legal powers of every government, but which, in this case, has only one signification. It is the form in which faulty law permits the Government to proclaim liberty. It takes all legal right in his negroes from every rebel slave-owner; and if the slaves generally could be made aware of the measure, it might soon produce considerable effects. About the import of the last document from the Secretary of War, there appears to be considerable doubt. Some hold that it proclaims liberty to the slaves of loyal as well as disloyal masters, on taking refuge in the Federal lines; but with this difference, that after proof of the fact that the slave did belong to a loyal master, the latter shall, in due time, be compensated. If so, it is a proclamation of emancipation by ransom, wherever the forces advance. Others contend that the slave will be kept, and, if his master demand it, will be returned; and we do not decide which interpretation is more in accordance with the letter of the document. But all seem to agree that, be the letter what it may, the spirit is to release all who claim release, and that this will be the practical effect of it. At all events it is felt to be the first great step of the American Government toward emancipation by ransom.

There seems considerable hope that the State of Missouri will itself take measures to terminate slavery; and some Northerners

who closely watch the war are confident that even if it came to a speedy close, it must leave Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri Free States. We do not profess to be able to give an opinion on the soundness of this view; but many circumstances go to favor it. Maryland, before the war, contained more free negroes than slaves, with a strong anti-slavery party. Immediately on the outbreak of hostilities many slaves were reported as escaping into free territory; and as the whole State has been occupied by Federal troops, it is to be supposed that not a few will have availed themselves of the easy emancipation to be found by fleeing to the lines. Thus the number of slaves will be greatly reduced, and the anti-slavery party proportionably strengthened.

In Virginia, again, the whole of the western part of the State is free territory, and faithful to the Union; in the Eastern the hostile armies are massed. Many slaves have already found refuge in the Federal lines; doubtless many more have been sent by their owners further South, to be safe; but how far these two processes have gone toward clearing the way to make this proudest traitor of the traitor States free soil, we cannot judge. As to Kentucky, it has always been one of the most hopeful of the Slave States, and at one time came very near making itself free. If the present conflict should lead it to that happy decision, its future citizens will bless the day when Fort Sumter fell.

We lately saw a gentleman from a Slave State further South than any of those named; and his opinion was that, whether the war might turn in favor of North or South, the result would be the end of slavery. He confirmed the impression generally expressed at the North, that there is a powerful Union party in the South; saying, that there were few men of influence among his acquaintance, who were not waiting their time, till the turn of affairs would enable them to execute justice on the ringleaders of rebellion.

War is always uncertain; and happy that so it is; for by that fact Providence holds the strong in check, and makes even the boldest feel that battles may go against them. But every human calculation would lead to the impression that the South would be better prepared to begin the war, and the

North to carry it on. The former had long been preparing for it, the latter slumbered till Fort Sumter was taken. But the eight millions of the South are diluted with four millions of slaves, every one of whom is a burden, if not a danger; while the eighteen millions of the North are all white, without any mine under their feet. While one asks, "How many such defeats can the North recover?" another may ask, "How many such victories can the South survive?" Humanly speaking, the whole matter turns on one question: Have the people of the North, or have they not, that quality of the British race which makes a few defeats at the beginning of a war needful to bring out the patient power of England? If they have lost that, they may be thwarted by their own impatience, but never by a fair trial of strength. In men, in money, in arts, in ships, in everything that constitutes national strength, they as far excel their rivals as France does Spain. If they fail, they deserve to be trodden upon. It is not likely that the North would ever think of overrunning the South; that course would have no object. Their manifest policy is to shut them up, beat them off the frontier, retake great posts, and leave the rest to time and necessity. We deplore the struggle; but certainly do not blame the Government for not running away from half its territory, and leaving it to pro-slavery rebels. We deplore every battle; but battles there will be, and our prayer is, that success may be with those who did not prepare the war, who did not shed the first blood.

As to the effect of this struggle on England, we deplore it in a moral point of view; but in a material one are disposed to think that it will bring us nothing but temporary inconvenience, and ultimate advantages of the most substantial kind. In both these respects, perhaps, our opinion is not a very common one. Morally, a condition of our press has been brought out, which is not only sad, but disgraceful. Who would have said, awhile ago, that England could have found newspapers to advocate slavery, and welcome and abet a slaving confederacy? But we have them in London, in Liverpool, and elsewhere; base specimens of Mammon's prophets, who preach up the cause of the South, and try to make it palatable to us, by saying that we must have their cot-

ton. The world abroad knows it; and is well pleased to see English love of liberty so belied. The deliberate and elaborate misrepresentation of some of our foremost journals, seemingly with no particular object but just to stir up bad feeling, is another painful fact. It is a melancholy feature of newspaper information, that it gives all the bad things, and all the irritating ones, but omits the greater part of the good. Fifty articles in America are published without abusing England, and, of course, not quoted here; one does abuse us, and is; and so in America with what is written here.

Our own observation in foreign countries passing through great crises, and of our newspaper accounts at the time, give us a painful persuasion that the people of England, are, in really critical times, sadly misinformed. From such remarks we would carefully except such writing as Mr. Russell's letters in the columns of the *Times*, which from beginning to end bear the stamp of candor and fairness, as much as of genius. The country owes that journal a debt for those letters, which goes some way to counterbalance the roods of bad information and bad teaching in its leading columns.

One of the worst things in our English press is the habit of citing from those journals in the North, which are in the interest of the South, and giving their ravings as Northern opinion. Many provincial journals, and some inferior London ones, honestly requote these extracts in ignorance. But who will say that the *Times* is so ignorant as not to know what it is doing when it quotes the *New York Herald* as the organ of the North? That paper has always been the violent partisan of slavery, and the rabid hater of England. It is edited by no American, but by a Scotch Papist infidel, whose name is not infamous, because it is below infamy, and shall not stain our pages; the man alluded to by Mr. Russell when he speaks of "bewhipped pariahs" of New York; the man who, on being horsewhipped in the streets, will publish a second edition, and announce it all over the city by placards headed, "Cowhided again." His vile print is never to be seen in respectable families. In such houses as in England have the *Times* on their table every morning, it would be held an insult to ask the gentleman if he took in the *New York Herald*. Englishmen

who have spent months in America can testify that they never were in one family,—though they lived not in hotels; but in families,—where this print could be found. It loudly preached secession, till the New York mob forced it by public violence to change its tone. From that time it has become fierce against the South—in words; but has steadily worked to excite England to war with the States, by abusing us in every possible way, and proposing war against us; and inveighs against the ministry; all this manifestly in the interest of the South. No language could be too strong to characterize the line of conduct by which the sayings of this paper are set before England, as samples of "opinions at the North." Let it be represented as the Northern organ of Southern interests, and the case is plain. Another paper quoted by preference in our journals, as a specimen of Northern opinion, has actually been presented by the grand jury for treason.

We are far from thinking that the best specimens of American opinion are just to England; for we have not ourselves met with many that are so, either in private or public. They do not understand us, do not like us, and lose no occasion of showing their preference for things and proceedings that are French. They foretold that we would join the South, open our ports to their privateers, break the blockade, and so on; and they go on inventing new crimes, that we are to commit, as soon as the old ones become impossible. They have seen us bear the only consequences which we could have feared in actual war with them,—the stoppage of commerce, and cotton especially; and retain, not the neutrality they held in the Crimean war, of helping both sides to the full amount of pay given, but a real neutrality, of keeping our hands off altogether, giving them the prodigious advantage of shutting our ports against privateers: yet we seem no nearer their confidence. But as certainly English opinion does not do them justice, nor acknowledge the vast amount of hearty love for the *old country* existing, after all, in America.

We believe that much, if not all, of their ill-feeling as to the present crisis is owing to the abuse and misrepresentation of the *Times* newspaper. Had the honest representations, and English views of, say the *Daily News*,

been taken by the English press generally, the people of the North would have understood those of England, and not believed that we hated slavery in word, and America in heart; that we frowned on the South with our brow, but patted it with our hand; that we were more willing to see a power set up on the principle of perpetuating slavery and extending it, than to see the wounds of a great rival honorably healed. These last are the views taken of our present national feelings by the people of the North, and by those of the Continent. This would be a moral condition anything but noble, or estimable; but the Englishman who, with the leading journal for witness, will try to prove us to have worthier motives in a company of foreigners, will find his task a hard one.

We find a London journal daily writing in favor of slavery, and many hints elsewhere that we must break the blockade, that is, ally ourselves with the South to get cotton. Such things we hoped never to hear in English air. There did seem one moral point gained in our political life, a horror of slavery; but mere politicians never hold morals as more than makeweights; and now the guardianship of this principle must rest with men, such as those who first brought it into favor,—men whose politics are all colored by the Christian principles of our duty to our neighbor, and who believe that a loss by doing right is greater gain than a profit by doing wrong. Did England now soil her hand by any touch of the accursed thing, she would sink immeasurably in the eye of the world; and the twenty millions vaunted so often would be quoted, ever hereafter, not as her highest pride, but as her loudest condemnation.

We not only do not trust professional politicians, but think them a class habitually unfitted for those feelings and convictions which are worthy of confidence; yet, in spite of all that has been written, we believe that, on the slavery question, the heart of the non-religious, of the merely political, population of England is perfectly sound; and that were the question put to-morrow, "Shall we join the slavers to secure their cotton?" a cry of indignation would be raised throughout the land, while the religious part of the community would be roused to a man. But none of our statesmen would propose such a course; and it is only to be

regretted that the writings of others should cause them to be suspected of what they would abhor.

Our course is clearly the one early announced by our Government, and honorably adhered to,—strict and complete neutrality.

As to the effect of the conflict on our material interests, we believe that it will be our own fault, if it do not prove to be, ultimately, of incalculable advantage to them. The Morrill Tariff is not a necessary result, but a gratuitous mischief inflicted on themselves and their neighbors by the Northerners. They ask us, "Cannot you let us raise our revenue in our own way?" That is precisely what we are doing and will do; but if we think it is done in a way worthy of dark ages and anti-social codes, we ought to say so. The condition in which we stood as to our supply of cotton, is the opposite extreme from that aimed at by the Morrill Tariff, and both are unfriendly to peaceful relations. The latter would isolate one nation from others, tearing by the coarse hand of self-sufficiency the unnumbered kindly bands, by which Providence, when not thwarted, links nation to nation, in mutual services; so that, without a sense of dependence on either side, but with a strong consciousness of advantages on both, they may cleave to one another, and feel that a rupture would be a calamity. It would leave a nation free at any moment to turn upon any other, saying, "I do not care for you, I can live alone!" This is the policy which China is rising above, and into which America is sinking.

On the other hand, the total dependence of a nation upon a single foreign one for what is, or is deemed to be, a necessary of life, not elsewhere attainable, is a temptation to bully; and, unless with two people very differently constituted from the English and Americans, must bring war: for the latter were not the men to forbear from making insulting uses of an advantage, nor the former the men to endure insult always. So far from our necessity being peace with America at any price, that we might have cotton, it was cotton from elsewhere at any price, that we might have peace with America. The incredible short-sightedness of our statesmen,—deserving the blame of the Manchester men, beyond all they can utter; and the immovable perversity and blind

avarice of the manufacturers, deserving that of the statesmen,—have united to leave England, with the finest cotton-fields, and the richest mines of labor on earth in her possession, a timid dependant on the stores of others. That dependence has been counted upon by the South, as their shield in insulting us;—for be it remembered that all the presidents we have had to complain of were their men;—and, worse still, as their stay in rebelling against a government favorable to human freedom. It was the weakest point in our national machinery, one that was liable any day to involve us in war without and stagnation within. Statesmen saw it, heard that a little outlay would make India at least yield such supplies as would change America from a self-sufficient master into a useful friend: but they had reasons for doing nothing. Manufacturers heard of it, knew it; but they thought the American supply would last “my day;” and that they could get a better return for their money by investing all in mills at home, than by using a part to develop supplies in India. They were wrong in fact; and totally mistook and misrepresented the lessons of their own boasted science of political economy.

Now, in a way more gradual, less disturbing, than any that could have been foretold, the American supply is stopped. If it continue to be so for some three years, we must suffer, and pay in increased price for cotton a sum which, had it been spent in improving the natural water-ways of India, would have yielded Manchester a higher percentage on the money invested than the best mills ever built; and would have laden Liverpool with cotton grown on British territory, by freemen, every one of whom would use the purchase money, in part, to buy British goods. That sum must now be a sheer loss to us, as utterly so as that spent by America on the war is to it; for it will take as much to open communications as if cotton was cheap. But with all that loss, with all the derangement of trade, the process of opening new, various, and inexhaustible sources of supply is going on, and, as the pinch becomes more felt, will proceed more rapidly.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 848

It was short-sighted not to begin it long ago, parsimonious not to spend great sums upon it, culpable not to improve providential means laid in our own lap. But to interrupt the process now would be madness.

The selfishness which made men so short-sighted as to be dependent on America, would now make them so short-sighted as to rivet that dependence forever. “We must have cotton,” they would say, “even if we break the blockade!” And suppose you broke the blockade, and had cotton, what then? You would thereby say to the South, the most reckless and domineering set of men on this earth, “We are your dependants; we actually cannot live without you; we must give up our honor, our national self-respect, our character before the world, to secure your services.” Right happy would the South be; and before any long period you would either be eating the dust of untold humiliations, or at war with the cotton country for which you had sacrificed some of the highest considerations a nation has to value. It may be a hard trial to go through the present transition; but it is only one of those momentary pinches which, with a nation like England, serve to keep energy fresh, by giving new difficulties to vanquish; and, the crisis over, with India pouring a tide of cotton upon our shores, beside which what America could send is a dribble, and taking from us an amount of goods greater than three Americas ever will; other sources of supply, British, and not British, open, from the Nile to Essequibo, from Natal to Fiji; and, above all, America herself removed from the dangerous position of a dispenser of our daily bread to the advantageous one of a friend on equal terms, England will have hopes before her which may Providence realize!

If the dark flag that is unfurled as the banner of slavery by the right, slavery extended, slavery for all time, is to be known as the flag of a nation,—which may it never be!—let us hope that the last power to recognize it will be that which was the first to give freedom to the slave.

From The Examiner.

Songs in Many Keys. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Low, Son, and Co. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

DR. HOLMES, though not a great is a true poet. Many of his verses—many of those here collected—are too weak to live, though genuine to please in their own day; others will join the divers works in prose and verse that assure to their author long remembrance by his countrymen. He has the keen sense of the ridiculous that should underlie all true poetic feeling, and some of the best pieces in this pleasant volume are to be found among the comic poems in which it is rich. We will quote one of them next week. To-day let us be reminded by his volume that in the war that now devastates America all is not told of the spirit of the combatants when we read of the swindling of contractors, and the bluster of the Lovejoys. Dr. Holmes has his heart in it, and that a noble heart. Of his poems he says:—

"Turn o'er these idle leaves. Such toys as these

Were not unsought for, as, in languid dreams,
We lay beside our lotus feeding streams,
And nursed our fancies in forgetful ease.
It matters little if they pall or please,
Dropping untimely, while the sudden gleams
Glare from the mustering clouds whose black-
ness seems

Too swollen to hold its lightning from the trees.

Yet, in some lull of passion, when at last
These calm revolving moons that come and go—

Turning our months to years, they creep so slow—

Have brought us rest, the not unwelcome past
May flutter to thee through these leaflets, cast
On the wild winds that all around us blow."

And now with the poetry at least of earnestness he sings this

"ARMY HYMN.

"'Old Hundred.'

"O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

"Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving thee.

"Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

"God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

"From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign,—
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!"

And here is a North American loyalist's echo of God Save the Queen, a blessing upon England, sung by twelve hundred children at the visit of the Prince of Wales to Boston.

INTERNATIONAL ODE.

"God bless our Fathers' Land!
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own!
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave People's Friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her Throne!

"Father, with loving care
Guard thou her kingdom's Heir,
Guide all his ways:
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days!

"Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole Earth in peace
Under thy wings!
Make all thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings!

We add an earnest poem on an English theme:—

AFTER A LECTURE ON SHELLEY.

"One broad, white sail in Spezzia's treacherous bay;

On comes the blast; too daring dark, be-
ware!

The cloud has clasped her; lo! it melts
away;

The wide, waste waters, but no sail is there.

"Morning: a woman looking on the sea;

Midnight: with lamps the long verandah
burns;

Come, wandering sail, they watch, they burn
for thee!

Suns come and go, alas! no bark returns.

"And feet are thronging on the pebbly sands,
And torches flaring in the weedy caves,
Where'er the waters lay with icy hands
The shapes uplifted from their coral graves.

"Vainly they seek; the idle quest is o'er;
The coarse, dark women, with their hang-
ing locks,
And lean, wild children gather from the shore
To the black hovels bedded in the rocks.

"But love still prayed, with agonizing wail,
'One, one last look, ye heaving waters,
yield!'

Till Ocean, clashing in his jointed mail,
Raised the pale burden on his level shield.

"Slow from the shore the sullen waves retire;
His form a nobler element shall claim;
Nature baptized him in ethereal fire,
And death shall crown him with a wreath
of flame.

"Fade, mortal semblance, never to return;
Swift is the change within thy crimson
shroud;

Seal the white ashes in the peaceful urn;
All else has risen in yon silvery cloud.

"Sleep where thy gentle Adonais lies,
Whose open page lay on thy dying heart,
Both in the smile of those blue vaulted skies,
Earth's fairest dome of all divinest art.

"Breathe for his wandering soul one passing
sigh,
O happier Christian, while thine eye grows
dim,—
In all the mansions of the house on high,
Say not that Mercy has not one for him!"

THE SNAKE IN THE GLASS.

A HOMILY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

COME listen awhile to me, my lad,
Come listen to me for a spell!

Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What befell

A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad;
And with beauty uncommonly blest,
Ere, with brandy and wine,
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed;
I protest
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad;
He went to a tavern one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy, and such,
The chap got exceedingly "tight,"
And was quite
What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad;
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes,
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer;
My eyes! how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves about horrid great snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and to me, my lad,
A particular caution to all—
Though no one can see
The vipers but he—
To hear the poor lunatic bawl,
"How they crawl,
All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad;
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up,
To dine or to sup,
Though properly physicked and bled;
And I read,
Next day, the poor fellow was dead!

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad;
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now, you must know,
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class;
Alas!—
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

A warning to you and to me, my lad;
A very imperative call—
Of liquor keep clear;
Don't drink even beer.
If you'd shun all occasion to fall;
If it at all,
Pray take it uncommonly small.

And if you are partial to snakes, my lad
(A passion I think very low),
Don't enter, to see 'em,
The *Devil's Museum*!—
'Tis very much better to go,
(That's so!)
And visit a regular show.

—N. Y. Ledger.

THE University of Oxford have resolved to print a catalogue of the papers and private letters of Lord Clarendon. This has long been a desideratum, and all editions of the *History of the Rebellion* must necessarily be incomplete without the documentary evidence required to substantiate his statements. *Sero sed bene*. We trust the university will now also give us proper editions of the Nonjurors' papers and of Cartes' collection.—*Spectator*.

From The Spectator.

DID THE ANCIENTS CARICATURE ?

THE industry of modern scholarship has so thoroughly ransacked the stores of ancient learning, and has poured so full a light, not merely on the public, but even the domestic, life of our predecessors in the history of civilization, that it perhaps does not often occur to us how many paths of inquiry are still untrodden even by a solitary traveller. In the sense of humor, for instance, we have abundant evidence that the ancients were not deficient; and even if the overwhelming fun of Aristophanes had not been preserved for the delight and admiration of mankind, our consciousness of the uniformity of human nature would be sufficient to assure us of it. Laughter is, after all, the most distinctive characteristic of man: some form of satire is to be found among even the rudest tribes; and it is the natural resource of weakness in a lawless age—a retort of which no bodily strength avails to turn the edge. Literature is not, however, the only means of communicating his ideas to the public which the satirist possesses. So soon as the pictorial art has attained any considerable development, he may address the mind through the medium, not of the ear, but of the eye, with the pencil rather than the pen. Thus it wears an aspect of singularity, that, while we possess the comic literature of antiquity—to a sufficient extent at all events, to let us judge of its quality—we search long, and with scanty results, upon the vases of Greece and among the frescoes of Pompeii, for any trace of that humor which informs the outlines of H. B. or of Leech. We have the comic literature of the ancients, but where is their caricature ?

This question has recently engaged the attention of M. Champfleury, who has concealed the scantiness of the information which he has been able to collect, with all that airy grace which is the characteristic of a French essayist. In his rashness or his despair, he interrogated even the awful remains of Egyptian art; and has succeeded, as he thinks, in showing that the caricaturist of the Nile, did not respect even the sacred rites of religion or the royal majesty of Rameses. There are, it seems, three papyri in existence of a decidedly humorous character, one in the Royal Library at Turin, one in the British Museum, and another in a private

collection in America. In all these, animals—cats, rats, wolves, and lions—are represented as performing human actions, and especially such actions as are the conventional subjects of the hieroglyphical paintings. There is a pleasing group, for instance, frequently repeated on the walls of the Egyptian palaces, in which four females are represented as playing respectively on the harp, the lyre, the theorbo, and a sort of double flute. In the Turin papyrus these female figures are metamorphosed into an ass, a lion, a crocodile, and an ape. In the papyrus of the British Museum the rites of religion are travestied—a cat with a flower in its hand offers the sacred funeral offerings to a rat, which, gravely seated in a chair, scents the perfume of an enormous lotus-flower. While, in another place, a lion is represented as playing at chess with a gazelle, the group being an exact copy of one on the walls of the palace of Medinet-Abou, in which Rameses III. is playing this game with one of his wives. And this is all—some two hundred figures of animals on three papyri—while the remains of Egyptian art fill whole galleries in every capital of Europe, and cover acres of wall along the whole course of the mysterious Nile. Either Time has been very capricious in his destruction, or the Egyptian caricaturist was not entirely appreciated by the public of his day.

Of the comic art of Greece we possess nothing but a name, but, then, to M. Champfleury a name is everything. He has built the airiest of castles on the few isolated facts that can be gleaned from the ancient writers respecting the genius of Pausan. This painter was the contemporary of Aristophanes, who, besides twice taunting him with poverty, makes the chorus in the *Acharnians* expressly congratulate the Megarian that “he will no longer be the laughing-stock of the infamous Pausan.” About one hundred and twenty years later, Aristotle, in the *Poetics*, distinguishing, apparently, the idealist, the caricaturist, and the realist from each other, remarks that in imitation one must necessarily represent men as better than they are, as worse than they are, or as they are, and he gives Pausan as an instance of a painter who painted men uglier than they were. These passages may, perhaps, be sufficient to establish that Pausan did draw caricatures, and that the Greeks, therefore, must

have known what a caricature was, but they are surely somewhat slender grounds on which to found the reputation of a great comic painter. Aristotle, perhaps, did not perceive the importance which, in a more advanced civilization, the art of caricature might assume, but where is the evidence that Aristophanes was writhing under the pangs of wounded vanity and avenging the wrongs of his distorted features? We may, perhaps conjecture that if Aristophanes, who gibbeted so many more important persons on so small a provocation, had been caricatured, he would not have let off the offender with three insignificant sneers, and that Aristotle did not comprehend the possibilities of the art of caricature, by no means proves that he did not comprehend the possibilities of the art of Pauson. The fact, however, that he is mentioned a century after his death by Aristotle as, in some degree, the representative of a class, may, perhaps, be taken as sufficient proof that he was really a painter of celebrity. Moreover, his name is preserved in the pages of Lucian, Plutarch, and even Ælian; though the anecdote which they record of him would go to show him, not so much a caricaturist, as a painter of animals of rather more than the proverbial irritability of his calling. Be this as it may, on the name of Pauson rests as yet the reputation of Greek caricature.

In the pages of Pliny, however, we arrive on land of a somewhat firmer character. Bupalus and Athenis painted the portrait of the poet Hipponax, who was remarkably ugly, and exposed it, by way of joke, to the public. A pupil of Apelles made himself famous by a burlesque painting, in which he represented Jupiter, in female attire, giving birth to Bacchus amid a group of goddesses officiating as monthly nurses. "True caricaturist," says M. Champfleury, "who respects not even the gods." The fame of Clesides depends on a picture of Queen Stratonice, whom, in revenge for some slight which he had received from her, he portrayed as rolling with a fisherman, who was rumored to be her lover. This picture he exposed in the market-place of Ephesus, and fled for his life. The queen, however, was so pleased with the accuracy of the portraits, that she overlooked the insult to her fame. But, except in traditions of this sort, no trace remains to us of anything like personal caricature. Grotesque painting indeed there is,

and of the happiest kind, of which the famous studio of a painter from the walls of Pompeii affords a well-known instance. In this sort of painting the human figure is reduced to the dimensions of a pigmy, while an exaggerated importance is given to the head and upper portion of the body precisely like those distorted elves which do such constant duty in the illustrated fairy tales of modern artists. In the painting to which we have alluded the painter sits at his easel with his colors ranged on a little table at his side. The sitter, on whose portrait he is engaged, has all that expression of gratified vanity and foolish sheepishness which sitters always have. On the left, an attendant prepares the colors in a vase placed over charcoal. Behind him, a pupil leaves the book which he is studying to gaze furtively over his shoulder at what is going on around him. On the right, two dwarf friends of the painter are engaged in a lively criticism of his work; while a most grotesque bird, considerably taller than the human figures, serves at once to represent the customary contents of a studio, and to puzzle the commentators. The drawings of this sort at Herculaneum are still more unreal. There a number of naked little gnomes are engaged in the different pursuits of a country life, all animated by something of the same comic earnestness with which Stothard supplies the fat little children who form the subject of his woodcuts. In another instance, attributed to the time of the Macedonian kingdom, the flight of Æneas with Anchises on his shoulder, and leading the little Ascanius, is travestied by representing the three figures with the heads and tails of dogs. But all the labor and ingenuity of M. Champfleury has not succeeded in producing a single extant painting or drawing which can with propriety be called a caricature. Burlesque painting there is; but, except in the few vague traditions which we have enumerated above, from the pages of Pliny, no proof can be given that any ancient artist ever endeavored to throw ridicule on the actions of a contemporary by the publication during his life of a distorted representation of his features.

It assuredly does not follow, from the fact that they have not reached us among the fragments of ancient art, which alone time has spared to us, that they never in truth existed. But it is hard to attribute such partiality to

so impartial a destroyer, and there may perhaps be mechanical reasons why the art of caricature was likely to be far less efficacious in the hands of the satirist then than now. Now-a-days, the sketch of the artist is multiplied a thousand times in a few hours by the skill of the printer, and thus his meaning is easily and cheaply disseminated among the multitude. But the original, passed from hand to hand, would generally have disappeared altogether even before the ephemeral interest attached to it had expired. While, on the other hand, satirical verses were easily learned and repeated from mouth to mouth, while men's memories, too, were probably more practised before the invention of paper and ink. It may well be doubted whether *pictorial satire* is not the invention of a very

late age. The same qualities must, of course, have existed in the human mind from the beginning, of which here and there a trace may be discovered by the learning, and expanded by the ingenuity, of the modern inquirer. But even human qualities, need favorable circumstances before they can flourish and multiply and produce a continuous harvest, and of such a harvest in the ancient world there is not a trace. A few isolated passages of antiquity have given birth to a fanciful and graceful essay, and we, who have profited by M. Champfleury's labors, will be content to hope that, as he continues his task, he may find arguments which may satisfy the minds of his readers as well as he has already satisfied his own.

APPLE-GREEN papers in bedrooms have long been anathema to nervous men; but it seems now that they wield but the positive degree of arsenical menace; the green of artificial leaves and flowers threatens the comparative, and the Schweinfurt green tartan ball-dresses the superlative, danger to human life. The papers on the wall at least stand still, and do not shake their poisonous atoms into the atmosphere; the green wreath, on the contrary, is always fanning the air, and the ball-dress is always rustling against positive obstacles, and so distributing its particles to every eddying current of the waltz. An ordinary ball-dress of green tartan, measuring twenty yards, is calculated to contain nine hundreds grains of arsenic, loosely laid on with starch; and a learned German professor tells us that at least sixty of these grains will be powdered off in a single evening's dance, floating round the moving beauties:—

"At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit
Et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu."

But the modern deity and her cloud are actively maleficent, though avenging with a certain justice the pangs of the unhappy manufacturers who fall early victims to the slow poison they imbibe—*Examiner*.

ILLINOIS.—Illinois formed her present State Constitution in 1820, with a population of 54,000. She is now forming a new Constitution, her inhabitants having increased to 1,711,000, and far outgrown the old fixtures of government. The "Garden State" has in forty-one years multiplied her people thirty-one times—a more rapid growth than any other American State can show.

It may not perhaps be generally known that all the diplomatic correspondence of the empire down to the accession of George III. has been transferred to the new Record Office, Chancery Lane, in consequence of the intention of the Government to pull down the present State Paper Office to make room for the new buildings to be erected by Mr. Scott. All the papers from which Mr. Motley, Mr. Froude, and others have derived the most valuable materials for their respective histories are now made accessible to the public. A room has been fitted up for readers, and the greatest consideration is paid to the wants of students. In their completeness, the documents registered here have no parallel, and certainly none in the freshness and value of the information to be derived from them.—*Spectator*.

It is said that Dr. Forbes, the Bishop of Brechin, has discovered the long-lost Scotch Missal of the tenth century, in the library at Drummond Castle, the seat of Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, which has been so long desiderated by antiquaries. This work is probably the most interesting liturgical work that has come down to us, with the exception of the Stowe MS., now in Lord Ashburnham's collection. The calendar is perfect and very curious, and is enriched with a Gaelic rubric and two Gaelic collects. The bishop proposes to give a minute account of it in the preface to the "Arbuthnot Missal," the printing of which is now nearly completed. This discovery will henceforth be coupled with the printing of the beautiful copy of the "Sarum Missal," in 8vo., pp. 325, so much welcomed by ritual and liturgical students.

From The Examiner.

An Inquiry into the Medicinal Value of the Excreta of Reptiles, in Phthisis and some other Diseases. By John Hastings, M.D. Longman and Co.

Now that the polite world is wearying of hydropathy and homœopathy, and quite ready to open its mouth to a new sensation remedy, here is Dr. John Hastings,—to be famous hereafter, perhaps, as founder of the Ordure-Cure,—ready to heal the chief diseases of the English with the ghost of a taste of reptiles' dung. Dr. Hastings, does not recommend water of coprolite, but an infusion of the fresh-laid ordure of tortoises, lizards, and snakes; a treasure which the keeper at the Zoölogical Gardens, and the dealers in reptiles, Jamrach and Rice of the Ratcliffe Highway, are in future to lay by, bearing in mind, and believing if they can, that the two-hundredth part of a grain of the stool of a chameleon taken three times a day will save a consumptive patient from the grave. Dr. Hastings assures us that his new remedy is far from being nasty, except to the imagination, for it has neither taste, color, smell, nor chemical constituent, to speak of. Indeed complaint, he tells us, was made to the College of Physicians by the brother of a patient who had submitted a bottle of his medicine to an analyst, and had it reported empty of anything except a little lime. The doctor was accused of administering *aqua fontis*, but the College of Physicians knew better than to entertain such a charge against a brother, who would, perhaps, only have shown a beneficent sense of the value of life, had he in truth taken his fee for doing nothing. There is no better payment than the fee to a wise physician who knows when to let nature alone. He is not doing nothing when he prescribes his innocent placebo. By keeping out a meddler it may be that he saves life. Meanwhile, when Dr. Hastings has established reptiles' dungs as potent additions to the pharmacopœia, we must have crabs' eyes restored, pound oyster-shell again, and restore to our surgeries the skins of crocodiles and salamanders. Will somebody also revive the medicinal preciousness of rubies, or, vindicating the faith of our forefathers in potable gold, gratify the fashionable world with a remedy of its own, wholly beyond reach of the vulgar?

Dr. Hastings tells us that he considers the animal world as a source of remedies against disease to have been too much neglected. For our own parts, we do not think that the people of this country have the character abroad of failing in endeavor to keep themselves alive by help of beef and mutton; lamb chops and chickens are pretty freely prescribed by the faculty; but it is true that except a few peculiar animal products, there has not been much got hitherto from the animal world that is a medicine without being a food. Upon this fact, Dr. Hastings dwelt. He says:—

"It occurred to me—and if the idea is not a new one I am at a loss to imagine why it has not been worked out before now—that here there was an unexplored and interesting field for inquiry.

"It would be foreign to my purpose to detail here the various animals I put in requisition in the course of this investigation, or the animal products I examined during a prolonged inquiry. It is enough to state that I found in the excreta of reptiles agents of great medicinal value in numerous diseases where much help was needed. Although not wholly unprepared for some useful results, I must confess to a feeling of profound astonishment that these secrets of nature should have remained so long hidden from man, although they were at all times before his eyes, and always within his reach. My earliest trials were made with the excreta of the boa-constrictor; which I employed in the first instance dissolved simply in water. A gallon of water will not dissolve two grains, and yet, strange as the statement may appear, half a teaspoonful of this solution rubbed over the chest of a consumptive patient will give instantaneous relief to his breathing. I have, to some extent, investigated the properties of the excreta from the following reptiles:—

"*Chilabothrus inornatus*—(yellow snake of Jamaica).

"*Naja haje*—(African cobra).

"*Coryphodon blumenbachii*—(Indian rat snake).

"*Hoplocephalus superbus*—(yellow-bellied Australian snake).

"*Tropidonotus viperinus*—(viperine snake, North Africa).

"*Pseudechis porphyriacus*—(black Australian viper).

"*Coluber guttatus*—(corn snake, North America).

"*Tropidonotus quincunciatus*—(common river snake of India).

"*Cenchrus piscivorus*—(the water viper, North America).

"LIZARDS.

"*Monitor niloticus*—(warning lizard of the Nile).

"*Trachydosaurus rugosus*—(stump tail lizard, Australia).

"*Cyclodus gigas*—(Australian lizard).

"*Lacerta ocellata*—(the eyed lizard, Portugal).

"*Chameleo vulgaris*—(common chameleon).

"*Testudo Indica*—(the Indian tortoise).

"*Cistudo blandingii*—(the box tortoise).

"Although some of these are more powerful in one class of diseases than they are in others, all of them possess great medicinal virtues and are extremely useful in phthisis, and their beneficial action I have found to result from singularly small doses."

We can only surmise the variety of animal substances which Dr. Hastings has, as he says, examined during a prolonged inquiry. There is hair for example. The medicinal use of hair is suggested in the popular prescription for a bitten man, that he should take a hair of the dog that bit him. To how many people may not Dr. Hastings have administered experimentally the hair of a dog, comparing the virtues of the hair about the tail with those of the hair under the ear, or of a hair from the back. Then, why only a dog's hair? So inquisitive a philosopher must have administered a cat's bristle to somebody. Then, again, if hair, why not feathers? Has the effect been tried of a gruel of goose feathers—an internal administration of feather bed, as a remedy for sleeplessness? Of course the field of investigation is vast, and Dr. Hastings must have travelled very far through it before he thought of asking the chameleon for his dung. The analysis of the boa-constrictor's excrement shows it to consist, the doctor says, of an impure urate of ammonia, and this seems to be usually the chief constituent of his new remedy; it is very slightly soluble in water, but the ingenious physician adds a little bromine as a solvent when he wishes to produce a strong solution.

Yet a solution of the pure urate of ammonia he has tried, he says, without advantage.

"In three cases of phthisis I employed it both externally and internally at the same time. In two out of the three the patients were made considerably worse on the third day of its use, whilst in the third—a little girl of eleven years of age—the unfavorable symptoms, after an apparent improvement which lasted for a week, rapidly returned under its continued employment. I then substituted for this treatment an external application of the excreta of the boa-constrictor, and the three patients quickly recovered their lost ground. My employment of the pure urate of ammonia was attended with the same unsatisfactory results in asthma. In every case it caused the respiration to be more difficult and made the cough harder, and I was, consequently, compelled to discontinue its use. I may add that the urate of ammonia is about as insoluble as the excreta of reptiles, and that in all my trials I employed a watery solution of it which was not stronger than the two-hundredth part of a grain to a table-spoonful of water."

Dr. Hastings gives a collection of wonderful cases of consumption, asthma, etc., apparently cured with these excretions. When the excretions of the boa gave headache or even failed, he perhaps finished the cure at a trot by determining to have recourse to the *Coryphodon blumenbachii* (Indian rat snake). Of one patient he says:—

"This case is interesting, from the fact that I gave her the excreta of every serpent I have yet examined, and they all, without exception, after a few days' use, occasioned headache or sickness, with diarrhoea to such an extent that I was obliged to relinquish their use. From the excreta of the lizards she experienced no inconvenience. She is now taking the excreta of the *Chameleo vulgaris* (common chameleon) with great advantage, and is better than she has been at any one period during the last three years."

One judicious patient, who is being cured of a cavity in the left lung by the dung of a lizard, says that he "misses the dose as much as he does a meal."

From The Spectator.

DR. MILMAN ON LORD MACAULAY.*

WE regret to say that our readers will be much disappointed with this biography. Every competent person expected much from it. Dean Milman is an accomplished narrator; a great historian himself, an old friend of the greater historian of whom he writes. Delineative power, congeniality of occupation, long personal intercourse, would appear to have been here combined; they would seem to have given us a perfect biographer on a perfect subject. We regret to say that the real result is nearly zero. Few educated persons will learn much from this memoir of Lord Macaulay: they will not know more of him than before, either as a statesman, an author, or a man. It is difficult, doubtless, for an old friend to speak *out*, as to an old friend; it is difficult (though it is not generally known) for a great historian, used to speak in rather courteous language of men whom he has never known, to speak the simple graphic truth of a great man whom he has known. But, as a contemporary statesman well observed, "A difficulty is a thing to be overcome." Dean Milman should not have published a memoir of Lord Macaulay unless he felt really able effectually to tell the public something about him. As matters stand, he unquestionably must know that he has told very little, and that what he has told, he has told very ineffectually.

A real narrative of Lord Macaulay's career is a matter of great public importance, for he was not only a remarkable man, but the very last of a remarkable race. Dean Milman tells us that to the very end of his life Lord Macaulay used to "dwell with pride" on his success in gaining a Fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge: "On the inestimable advantages of such fellowships to young men of high promise and ability but of scanty means, he always insisted with great earnestness, and deprecated any change in the academical system which should diminish the number of such foundations, held, as he would recount with his unfailing memory, by so many of our first public men."

The connection between college and public life, between the Union Debating Soci-

* *Brief Memoir of Lord Macaulay.* By the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's. With Portrait from Reehman's picture.

ety, in which Macaulay first distinguished himself, and the House of Commons, in which he so soon after distinguished himself, is now broken. The old aristocratic system of parliamentary representation occasionally, far more rarely than is often said, but still sometimes selected attractive young men without money, but with tongues and brains and presence, to embellish the House of Commons. A collegiate reputation was then a parliamentary introduction. But it would not answer to try it on Mr. Brand now. He is the most courteous of men to persons of liberal sentiments, but he would say: "Sir, I am sure your literary attainments will give you the greatest pleasure, and I am also sure that your literary honors indicate great ability. But business is business. You said you were from Lincoln, I think? Do you *know* any one at Lincoln—I mean, any one who is any good? I regret to say that boroughs in general like persons of advanced opinions and large means. Your opinions are cultivated, educated—not advanced (it is all the same), and your means, I regret to hear, are limited. I am sorry to say, unless you have any local interest anywhere, I can't do much for you."

Standing up: "The local people are tyrannical now. The small attorneys and the large grocers give away political life." "Thirty years ago," says Dean Milman, "a young Whig, of high and blameless character, popular with his friends, with the reputation of oratorical power in the Debating Rooms at Cambridge (he delivered one speech in London, we believe, at an anti-slavery meeting, which made some noise), and the acknowledged author of such articles in one of the two popular journals of the day, could not but command the attention, and awaken the hopes of his party." A great nobleman "offered a seat in Parliament to the author of the admirable articles in the *Edinburgh Review*." It is like a romance of political intellect to read of such things. How many splendid articles—how many speeches at Exeter Hall or Cambridge—are now equal to a seat in Parliament? Practical men know that a lifetime might be spent in such things, and yet the object sought for be no nearer.

Lord Macaulay had a vision of what he was doing during the great Reform debates. The opposition cried out unceasingly that the breed of young aspirants, of academical debaters, was in danger. But he replied:

"No particular man is necessary to the State. We may depend on it that if we provide the country with popular institutions, those institutions will provide it with great men." And he may be right yet. The ultimate effects of the great Reform Act are too great to be decided in an incidental parenthesis, and the time is yet too early perhaps to speak of them confidently. But of one conclusion we may be sure. There is an end of young Macaulays. Other great men of different form and nature we may hope to see. But no town constituency will ever send to Parliament a scholar from Cambridge without a friend in the borough, and without a penny in the world.

It is of the more importance that we should have a delineation of Lord Macaulay's career, not only because he was the last of the great men to whom we have alluded, but also because this career was an essential element in the peculiar greatness which he attained. A principal characteristic of Lord Macaulay's writings is their *masterly manliness*. The words are the words of the scholar; the illustrations are the illustrations of one whose memory revelled in the stores of literature: but the ideas are the ideas of a practical statesman—of one who had sat in Cabinets, made great speeches, lived a political life, spoken evil of men in Parliament, and suffered evil from their speaking. Lord Macaulay was in some respects a daring man; but even he would not have dared to be brilliant on political business unless he knew that business. There was a thread of Scotch caution in him, an infinite fund of sensible good judgment. He would have shrunk from vivid descriptions of the habits and lives of great statesmen, unless he felt that he knew what great statesmen were. And even if he had not shrunk, if he had been bold enough to venture, he must have failed. The imagination is great in essences, but bad at accidents. It is quite possible for a great poet to conceive truly and picturesquely the interior nature of a great statesman, to speak his soliloquies, to feel, or fancy that he feels, his very soul; but no power will enable the imagination to conceive the peculiar details of a class life, to delineate details with vividness and accuracy, to photograph the minutiae of existence. Gibbon said he could never have written even his history had he not been in Parliament. And if such specific experience was essential to the "Decline and Fall," then how much more to the history of Macaulay, in which the style is so much more graphic, the dangerous littleness infinitely more numerous, the facts described far better known. The practical vigor with which Macaulay's imagination lays about it,

if we may so say in the great scenes of this world, belongs to an experience which he had which was natural in times gone by, which no young *littérateur* however sanguine as to his fortune, however confident as to his genius, can hope to have again.

Even without his peculiar career, Macaulay would doubtless have been a striking writer. He had by nature great powers of expression, and an imagination which, if not able to conceive absolutely new forms of men or things, was inexhaustibly fertile in illustrations of everything which such experience as it had presented to it. It was like a multiplying glass, which augmented a few ideas not marvellously transcending those of other men into a succession of images altogether surpassing any of theirs. But if he had not known the daily warmth of political combat, those works would have wanted one of their greatest charms. As it is, they have been sneeringly called the best of ice-houses. There is a coldness in the words, in the structure of the style, in the very essence of the meaning, which all sensitive readers feel, and which female readers altogether dislike. The political struggles in Macaulay's history are as living as the Homeric battles; if their warmth did not enliven, if their breathing vigor did not animate the facts around them, we might dislike, if we did not shun, the Crystal Palace of history.

The first requisite for a great writer is to be in love with his own meaning, and so Lord Macaulay was. He wanted to say *that*. No misgiving as to the inutility of literature, no doubt as to a hearing, no scepticism, no indifference, prevented him from pouring out his thoughts. As Sydney Smith said of himself, it was the nature of the animal to write. Foolish people fancy that by mimicking his style they can imitate his career and emulate his fame. But no man whose thoughts rushed from him like Macaulay's, copies another man's words. He is too occupied with his own things. Macaulay's style was original, because it was the natural expression of an eager and peculiar mind. But there is no magic in it. In the hands of a slow and dull man, that rhythm will be slow because he is so, and it will be dull, too, because its physical mind, its mere cadence, was monotonous.

We hope that ere the memory of Lord Macaulay's peculiarities fades into disputable tradition, some competent person will do what Dean Milman has neglected. We do not want a pompous eulogy of the great historian—any one can write that. We want, from some of those who knew him well, a quiet description of the man as he lived, and as he was.

From Chambers's Journal.

VITALITY VERSUS DISEASE.

THE term "vitality," or "vital force," is employed to designate that power which is exhibited in the production and growth of animals and vegetables. Dr. Carpenter has shown that it is nearly allied to the so-called physical forces, light, heat, electricity, etc., and appears different to them only on account of its peculiar relations to matter. Of all the forces observed in nature, it is perhaps the most wonderful, and possesses for us the greatest interest. To vital force, man owes not only his existence, but also his growth and nutrition, his power of resisting the invasion of disease, of repairing injuries, of recovery from disease, and of reproducing his species. Hypothetically, vital force may be regarded as intended to be equally powerful in all the individuals of a species; but as the force of gravity may be affected by various perturbations in matter, so the vital force by which animals are produced, grow, resist disease, and repair injuries, is subject to many variations from the normal standard, and is misdirected, enfeebled, or lost by various antagonistic agencies which interfere with its due development and ultimate purposes.

In a recently published medical work,* Dr. Horace Dobell has advanced some ingenious considerations regarding this vital force, and the relations it bears to the development of disease. Some of his deductions have a practical bearing on the public health, and on this account possess interest for general readers. We purpose, therefore, in this article to give in brief outline some of the ideas gathered from a perusal of his book, divested of the somewhat obscure phraseology which the author has adopted, and with such illustration as may be understood by non-professional readers.

The study of vital force, as exhibited in the healthy human body, is surrounded by great difficulties, but still greater beset the investigation into the causes and consequences of those perturbations in vital action which are observed during disease. By careful study and observation, we may, however, learn something concerning the amount of vitality apportioned to the human frame, at different periods of life, when

the body is in a normal state; and we have also the power of ascertaining by what agencies healthy vitality is opposed, and at last, it may be, overpowered.

Experience teaches, then, that if the human body be sound, it can, within reasonable limits, repair injuries, heal wounds, and emerge from accidental diseases, without any serious deterioration of health.

The physician can measure with great nicety the amount of resistance which healthy vitality will oppose to the destructive action of certain poisons. He knows, for example, within certain limits, the quantities of various potent poisons which may be taken into the system without producing disease or death, and how much is needed to produce a fatal result. A small quantity of arsenic is easily disposed of by a person in health, and no harm ensues; but arsenic, if given in large doses even to a healthy person, outweighs the resistance vitality can oppose to it, and death takes place. The physician knows further, that whenever health has been deteriorated from any cause, and vital force rendered feebler, the resistance the body can oppose to noxious agents is proportionately lessened, and a smaller dose of poison leads to a fatal result. These remarks are true, not only in reference to mineral poisons, but also to the subtle poisons of typhus and typhoid fevers, of small-pox, scarlet fever, cholera, and the like. These deleterious agents cannot be weighed in scales as we weigh arsenic and strychnine; but it is known equally of all, that a large dose is enough to kill even a vigorous person, and that he may recover from a smaller one. A feeble person, on the other hand, is borne down and overpowered even by a small quantity of one of these poisons, and life is soon extinguished. Men and women endowed with a large amount of vitality, may be able to resist an epidemic influence altogether, or at least have fair chances of perfect recovery from it. Those, on the contrary, who have been enfeebled by adverse sanitary influences, are the first to be attacked, and most certainly succumb.

Most people are familiar with the fact, that certain conditions of life are much more favorable to health than others. Impure air, improper food, intemperate habits, scanty clothing, and overhard work, en-

* *Lectures on the Germs and Vestiges of Disease*, etc. By Horace Dobell, M.D. 1861.

feeble the health and undermine the constitution. In other words, they depress the vital force, and render it liable to extinction.

Unfavorable conditions of life, by lowering the standard of the general health, will not only predispose persons to take prevailing diseases, and render convalescence from them imperfect, but will produce maladies specially their own. Every physician's notebook contains evidence of the truth of this. Take the case of one of Dr. Dobell's patients. This gentleman had had singular advantages throughout life. His physician on being summoned, learns that he is eighty-two years of age; that he was born in the country, of healthy parents; was during childhood appropriately clothed and fed, and encouraged during boyhood in all sports and amusements conducive to health at his time of life. His education was carefully superintended, but the brain never overtaxed; and he was allowed to mix freely with young people of both sexes, whose example was likely to have no injurious effect upon him. As he grew up, he was constantly forewarned against indulging in any habit which might introduce disease into his pure blood, and had the good sense, when away from restraint, to avoid all excesses. He had the various ailments of children, broken bones, and dislocations from accident, colds, and fevers. He had passed through the duties and trials of adult life common to all; but vigor and strength, arising from healthy conditions of existence, brought him through all scarcely injured. Little more is to be elicited by medical examination than failure of power, and simple decay from old age. At eighty-two, he sinks gradually out of life in the ordinary course of nature.

In contrast to this, place the history of another patient, a woman aged forty; the mother of eight children. Her medical man finds her propped up in bed with a solitary pillow, the lack of others being compensated for by the assistance of a stool. Her face is pale, her lips livid, drops of perspiration stand on her brow, and she is unable to lie down, lest life should cease with the act of breathing. A distressing cough harasses the patient at uncertain intervals, and the anxiety of countenance after each paroxysm is past, shows how severe has been the struggle to set respiration once more agoing.

The legs and body are swollen to twice their ordinary thickness, and the pain endured suggests to the patient's mind the hope that death may soon bring her deliverance from suffering. Her history is briefly this: She has all her life inhabited a stable-yard in the neighborhood of Drury Lane. Born of healthy parents, who had emigrated from Ireland, and taken up their quarters in London, her youthful gambols were limited to the stable-yard just mentioned, with a gallery running round it, inhabited by a crowded colony of her fellow-countrymen. Beyond an occasional excursion into Holborn or Long Acre, she had, as a child, rarely strayed far from home, and a hop-picking excursion into Kent, of a fortnight's duration, was all she had ever seen of the country even as an adult. As a young woman she had been much exposed to inclemencies of season while hawking fruit. She had frequently been stinted of food, and been half clad during the winter. In addition to various common complaints of infancy, she had, as the result of living in impure air, and being supplied with insufficient or improper nutriment, been deformed by rickets. Repeated attacks of rheumatism had resulted in an aggravated form of heart disease. To these morbid conditions was added a liver-complaint, probably induced by spirit-drinking. The sum total of evils was made up by the supervention of dropsy, which, as the combined result of heart and liver disease, was beyond all medical skill to cure, the office of the physician being limited to the mitigation of suffering.

In these histories the influence of the attendant conditions of life is strongly exemplified. The first patient beginning life with a sound constitution, and being surrounded by favorable circumstances, acquired none of those diseases which arise from opposing conditions, and having shaken off the effects of all accidental ailments, goes through life with organs unimpaired, until at a ripe old age he dies; scarcely from disease, but from natural decay. The second patient, equally healthy at first, has been exposed to adverse conditions from birth, and the result is that she has become saturated with disease before middle age is passed, and bears the impress in each injured organ of the various disadvantages which she has encountered.

The case of the female patient is happily an extreme one, and the attendant conditions are only to be found among the very poorest of the people. There are, however, a great number of our fellow-beings who, although not so far exposed to morbid influences that mortal diseases ensue, yet have their health so far deteriorated by various causes, that they become extremely susceptible to prevailing maladies, and have a considerably diminished chance of emerging from them successfully. The variations in the amount of healthy resistance to disease, and in recovery from it, are very great, and are perhaps in no two persons the same. These variations are mainly dependent on the state of the system as determined by the existence or absence of any hereditary taint; by the conditions of life to which the individual has been subjected; by the presence of other diseases at the same time; and by the effects of diseases which have previously existed. Suppose, as instanced by Dr. Dobell, a party of friends, all apparently in good health, meeting at a funeral, going together into a damp, unwarmed cemetery chapel on a cold winter's day, and returning together all to complain that they have taken a severe chill. They dine together, and go to their homes. As the result of the chill, one suffers an attack of rheumatic fever; one has swelling of the body and limbs; one jaundice; one bronchitis; while the rest get a restless night, a cold in the head, and think no more about it. The interpretation of these variations is difficult and intricate, but they may frequently be traced with great accuracy to the causes just alluded to.

The inter-dependence of one deviation from health upon another is constantly remarked; and the links of connection passing between various diseases, make the chain almost interminable. It is curious and instructive to trace out with our author how the germs and vestiges of disease, from whatever source they come, may not only invite other diseases, but actually be the causes of fatality in certain diseases, which, but for their presence, would not probably terminate in death. The term *Anæmia* is applied by physicians to a condition of the body characterized by a deficiency of the red globules of the blood. The skin grows waxy, the lips lose their color, and all the tissues

become pale. *Anæmia* may result from imperfect recovery after any disease, or it may be produced by bad feeding and clothing, or irregular habits. In young children its appearance is soon followed by rickety and deformed bones. The constitutional state which immediately precedes distortion of the bones, is evidenced by late dentition, and by the union of the bones in the skull being retarded. Then the ends of the long bones begin to enlarge, and their shafts to bend; the spine grows crooked, the chest becomes contracted, and the child pigeon-breasted. In proportion to the intensity of the rickets, so is the amount of deformity, and a certain arrest of development taking place at the same time, a figure may be produced, which even in adult age is dwarf-like, and stunted in all its proportions. The skeleton once deformed by rickets, the body is exposed to a host of dangers. The various functions of the body are performed imperfectly, and a liability to many diseases is acquired. Rickets can be traced as the distinct cause of death in numerous diseases, which, but for its effects, would not prove fatal. Bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, whooping-cough, measles, are very dangerous affections in rickety patients. In these diseases, the respiratory organs are unusually taxed, and the deformity of the chest renders defective the mechanical power by which inspiration is performed. Thus a small amount of mucus blocks up the bronchial tubes, an impediment is offered to the entrance of air, and as this cannot be overcome, the patient dies.

Fatty degeneration bears a somewhat like relation as a cause of death. The arteries of the brain are liable to have their coats insidiously softened and made friable by fatty degeneration. When the strength of the vessels is so impaired, their coats give way the moment any unusual pressure is put upon them; and the consequence is, that a man in the apparent enjoyment of good health is stricken down by apoplexy, and if he survives the stroke, he is probably hopelessly paralytic afterwards. A person having fatty degeneration of the heart, is perhaps not in such danger of sudden death as is commonly supposed; but if attacked by fever, bronchitis, or other lung disease—in which exaggerated action of the heart is needed to drive the blood current through the lungs—

the weakened organ proves unequal to the task, and the patient dies.

These facts show that, in addition to the various forms of pestilence, which stalk about obvious to all, there may be germs and vestiges of disease lurking in the constitution, and stealthily growing into serious ailments; or being present, and giving little evidence of their existence under ordinary circumstances, may yet be the cause of death, on the supervention of another disease, which, but for their aid, would not inflict mortal injury. So insidious are the effects of some of these germs of disease, that although daily recognized by physicians, they do not appear in the bills of mortality as causes of death, the deaths produced by them being registered under the superadded ailment. Anæmia and fatty degeneration are, undoubtedly, the indirect causes of death in many instances, and yet they have no place in the registrar-general's returns.

The germs and vestiges of disease, therefore, viewed in their remote consequences to individuals, have an importance not generally attributed to them; but they have also an importance in another and wider sense—in their remote consequences to the health of communities. Parents cannot suffer permanent deterioration of health without transmitting that deterioration to their subsequent offspring, and thus the feebleness of parents becomes multiplied by the number of their children. Seeing that crowds of our fellow-beings live habitually under conditions which must have the effect of undermining their strength and vigor, one may not without reason apprehend, that unless some advantageous change of circumstances occurs, their progeny must eventually die out, or at best become a feeble and degenerate race. In an article in *The Times*, four years ago, this subject is thus graphically noticed:—

"To understand this, and be too sure of it, we have only to take a walk through any of our populous quarters—Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, the Borough, Lambeth, all the river-side, Clerkenwell, Gray's Inn Lane, and those numerous smaller districts of which the working-classes, for one reason or another, have obtained inalienable possession. Take them at the hours when they show—going to their work or returning from it, or making their purchases, or cooling themselves in the open air; look at them,

and please remember that when you have deducted half a million people rather better off, there remain two millions of the sort you see before you. Can it be possible that they boast the same blood, the same country, the same wholesome diet and generous nature, as the John Bull of story? Whither have fled his rosy hue, his cheerful smile, his round outline, his plump cheeks, and brisk gait? That is the myth; this is the fact. Divest the crowd of everything that may be considered peculiar and accidental; take the average, or rather the whole without exception, and reflect that *these are the children that are to be our future men and women—these before us are the men and women that are to give us more children*—to breed them, to teach them, and train them, and make them men and women. Shocking as it may seem, a plague once in twenty years seems but a light evil to so low a condition of humanity."

These remarks refer particularly to the poor, who are exposed to all the evils entailed upon them by penury, ignorance, and improvidence. But their more fortunate and richer brethren are not exempt from the causes of physical deterioration, and if not equally ignorant of the conditions necessary to insure healthy vitality, are often careless in observing them, and so self-indulgent, that seeds of disease are sown which are not easily eradicated. The sufferer from gout, proud it may be of his aristocratic malady, and accustomed to regard the pain he endures as specially his own affair, may probably be surprised to learn, that the more frequent his attacks, and the more he becomes imbued with the gouty poison, the larger crop of germs of disease he transmits to his children. The student by profession, who leads a sedentary life, and neglects physical exercise, undermines equally mental and bodily vigor. The voluptuary who eats, drinks, and sleeps beyond what nature requires; the libertine who wastes his strength in unlawful pleasures, all pay the forfeit in an impairment of vitality; in a shortening of their own term of life, and in producing feeble and degenerate successors.

The province of the true physician is obviously not limited to the cure of serious illnesses, and the relief of painful ones. He has an equally important duty to fulfil in tracing upwards to their source the feeders of the broad stream of disease and death; in checking the very beginnings of that death-

tide, which, like the well-springs at the source of some great river, are small and imperceptible at first, but soon swell to become a great flood.

No reasonable doubt can exist that a large proportion of the first deviations from health are remediable when sufficiently early precautions are observed, and the vitiating conditions to which they owe their origin are detected and removed. Ignorance on all matters connected with the preservation of health is no doubt wide spread and deep

rooted, but the science of preventive medicine has in our days made great progress, and the efforts of various sanitary associations deserve all praise. To the ignorant and intelligent alike, it is to be recommended that they should not regard slight deviations from health as unworthy of regard. The inconvenience from impaired health, without actual sickness may be slight and transient, but if of longer duration or frequent recurrence, it may not "safely be trusted to time, or to an old wife's nostrum."

MONCKTON MILNES' MONOLOGUE.

"And the beating of my own heart
Was the only sound I heard."—MONCKTON MILNES.

I CAME to the House of Commons
With a strong speech full of life,
To prove it well to marry
The sister of one's wife.
I moved the second reading,
And no one said a word,
And the beating of my own heart
Was the only sound I heard.

The man who sits for Pontefract
Of course a bridge must break :
I'll break the matrimonial bridge
For the ancient borough's sake—
For a man to marry his grandmother
Perhaps may seem absurd,
But a scruple as to the lady's age
Was the only sound I heard.

My good friend Robert Collier
Said, "I'll help you all I can :
I think that any woman
Ought to marry any man."
Quoth I, "Then marry your sister."
Quoth he "That never occurred
To my mind. The sister of one's wife
Was the lady of whom I heard."

Up got Lord Robert Cecil,—
Most logical was he,—
And he said, "If you follow Mr. Milnes
You must legalize bigamy."
By a syllogistic process
He proved me rather absurd,
And the moan of bigamists oppressed
Was all the sound I heard.

Then Walpole quoted Shakspeare,
And Tacitus also—
And told me I was a poet,
Which I didn't exactly know.
A really serious compliment
To his chaff would have been preferred,
But a laugh from the Opposition
Was all the sound I heard.

Then up I got and told them :

That canonical law was bosh :
"If a man mayn't marry his aunt or niece,
Your marriage law wont wash.
If I like the sister of my wife
I'll marry her—like a bird."
But ironical cheers from the Tories
Were the only sound I heard.
—Press.

C.

WE have no hesitation in saying that till this story is confirmed on "authority" much "higher" in point of veracity than that of His Majesty King George IV., we shall attach very little importance to it. The Duke of Wellington had his failings as a politician and as a man ; but the king is not to be believed, nor is the name of the Duke of Wellington, Peel, or Canning, to be sullied by anything that fell from his lips. He had become by this time not only the greatest liar in his three kingdoms, but simply destitute of the sense of truth. He "had not truth enough in him to make a lie." This very chapter contains evidence of the veracity as well as of the kingly politeness of the "first gentleman in England."—*Saturday Review*.

WE have received a prospectus announcing the projected publication of a new journal, on a plan which will be novel in the present day, although it is an extension of the old system of "news-letters," which once circulated in various parts of the country. The paper is to be called the *London Correspondent*, and every article in it will be written in the form of a letter, similar to the letters of "London Correspondents" in provincial papers, only that these will embrace almost every topic, and be written by men of established reputation. The idea is a promising one, and Mr. Colman Borroughs, the editor, is competent to carry it out with success. The new journal will be looked for with some little curiosity by the public.—*London Review*

LINES.

BY OUR CORPORAL.

HA, boys! what's that we hear
 Out of the South so clear?
 Cannon and thunder-cheer,
 True hearts and loyal!—
 Ay, 'tis Dupont at work,
 Shelling the snakes that lurk
 Down by Port Royal.

What's this from old Kentuck?
 There, down upon his luck,
 Puts many a flying scamp.
 What could you offer
 To stop him as he scuds?
 Not all the baby-duds*
 Hived in your thieving camp,
 Black Zollicoffer!

Straight through Tennessee
 The Flag is flapping free—
 Ay, nothing shorter!
 But first, with shot and shell,
 The road was cleared right well—
 Ye made each muzzle tell,
 Brave Foote and Porter!

Shear the old Stripes and Stars
 Short, for the bloody Bars?
 No — no not an atom!
 How, 'neath yon cannon-smoke,
 Volley and charge and stroke,
 Roar around Roanoke!—
 Burnside is at 'em!

Oh, brave lads of the West,
 Joy to each valiant breast!
 Three days of steady fight—
 Three shades of stormy night—
 Donelson tumbles.
 Surrender, out of hand!
 "Unchivalrous demand!"
 (So Buckner grumbles.)

March in, stout Grant and Smith,
 (Ah, souls of pluck and pith!)
 Aul down, for the Old Flag,
 That black and bloody rag—
 Twelve thousand in a bag!
 True hearts are overjoyed—
 But half as many scamper,
 (Ah, there's the only damper!)
 Through the very worst of weathers,
 After old Fuss-and-Feathers
 And foul Barabbas-Floyd.

Was't funk that made them flee?
 Nay—they're as bold as we—
 'Twas their bad cause, d'ye see,
 Whereof they well were knowing
 (For all their brag and blowing,
 Their cussing and their crowing),
 That is what cowed 'em!
 Keep the Old Flag agoing—
 Crowd 'em, boys, crowd 'em!

* In Zollicoffer's camp, it seems, were found quantities of children's clothes, plundered from loyal houses by the rebels, and carefully preserved for the use of their own offspring.

When roll our ranks afresh
 Right into foul Secesh?
 Ah, 'twould be tellin'—
 Stay—was that thunder?
 No—stand from under.
 Hark to McClellan!

No more palaver!
 Speeches aint glory—
 Sink Whig and Tory!
 Rifle clean, bayonet keen,
 These tell the story!
 —Hartford Evening Press.

MARCH.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

WITH rushing winds and gloomy skies
 The dark and stubborn Winter dies;
 Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
 Bidding her earliest child arise:
 March!

By streams still held in icy snare,
 On Southern hill-sides, melting bare,
 O'er fields that motley colors wear,
 That summons fills the changeful air:
 March!

What though conflicting seasons make
 Thy days their field, they woo or shake
 The sleeping lids of Life awake,
 And Hope is stronger for thy sake,
 March!

Then from thy mountains, ribbed with snow,
 Once more thy rousing bugle blow,
 And East and West, and to and fro,
 Proclaim thy coming to the foe,
 March!

Say to the picket, chilled and numb,
 Say to the camp's impatient hum,
 Say to the trumpet and the drum:
 Lift up your hearts, I come, I come!
 March!

Cry to the waiting hosts that stray
 On sandy seascides far away,
 By marshy isle and gleaming bay,
 Where Southern March is Northern May:
 March!

Announce thyself with welcome noise,
 Where Glory's victor-eagles poise
 Above the proud, heroic boys
 Of Iowa and Illinois:
 March!

Then down the long Potomac's l'ne
 Shout like a storm on hills of pine,
 Till ramrods ring and bayonets shine:
 "Advance! the Chieftain's call is mine:
 MARCH!"
 —Tribune.

From All the Year Round.
THE COST OF COAL.

IN the midst of a bare and barren country that offered nothing attractive to the eye, and possessed every element that could impress the imagination with a sense of gloom—in the midst of a country stretched out in an interminable flat, with here and there some dark gully or ravine, or some little wood—brown and wintry and leafless—there stood before me a kind of tower of rough gray stone, of mean altitude, and surrounded by many dingy sheds and outbuildings.

The tower itself was approached on one side by a high and narrow wooden bridge, of somewhat slender construction, which connected the great stone building with a large mound or hillock at a little distance, and on the other by a flight of rude stone steps. The tower was surmounted by a strange and sinister apparatus of wheels and ropes and beams. This apparatus, raised high into the air, looked like the machinery of a rack, and imparted to this building the look of a great lonely torture-chamber, or a place of execution. The wheels and the ropes which went round them were in motion, but from time to time they would stop for a little while, and presently, as if at some given signal, would turn and work again, revolving noiselessly and smoothly.

The inside of that tower-like building, with the grim apparatus above it, was the end and destination of the journey which I had undertaken, and hardly pausing to note what is here set down, lest that dogged resolution which I felt should weaken or change, I made straight for the flight of steps which I have mentioned as giving access to the building. There were some men stationed on those steps to guard the place from intruders; but I had a certain password, which I spoke as they advanced to meet me, and when they heard it they stood aside and let me by.

There is a kind of half-averted glance with which one looks towards a thing that one dreads to see, approaching it with hesitating eyes. Just thus I approach the mention of what is to come with a half-reluctance, and write with an unwilling hand and with a hesitating pen.

I paused on a wooden stage, across which a bitter wind was driving keenly. There yawned at my feet a great black abyss,

fenced in by a wooden rail. Above the abyss, and at a great elevation over my head, I saw what I had seen before from below, the two racklike wheels. They were still revolving slowly and noiselessly, and the sliding ropes which passed over them were lost in the great black chasm at my feet. Doubtless the wheels were so arranged as to lower or to raise those ropes at pleasure, and now they were raising them, silently, smoothly, and the spiral twist of the cordage was coming up out of the darkness, strand by strand, and inch by inch. There were two ropes, one thicker and whiter than the other, and they were both ascending.

What a depth that dark hole must be that those ropes should go on rising and rising out of it, and still the line not come to an end! I watched it long, and it rose and rose still, and no end seemed possible. So I drew close to the mouth of the great black hole, and holding firmly to a wooden rail which guarded it—holding on against the Demon which said "Jump in"—I looked down into the darkness, and so waited straining my eyes, and saying "No," as the Demon said "Jump in."

At last, as I watched, there was a sudden change in one of the ropes. I think it was turned into an iron chain; and in the next moment two strange-looking and darkly clad men appeared, clinging to the chain. Swiftly they rose up out of the blackness into the light. But this was not all. There was more of a burden hanging to the rope than this, for the chain was tightened that hung below the two darkly clad men, and something more was rising out of the dark hole which another turn of the wheel would bring to light.

The end of the chain that hung below was clasped and girt about the bodies of two dead men. It was grappled about their waists, and so their heads had fallen back, their faces were turned up to the sky, their hair streaming down in ragged locks, their arms and legs swung helplessly and heavily, and the weight of death was in every limb and in every part of every limb. This ghastly apparition rose out of the black abyss, and it was not a dream. While I was looking, the second rope turned into a chain, and one strangely clad man, with a pale face, clung to it. Below him there hung grappled to the end of the chain a single corpse, with stream-

ing locks and upturned face, like the others, and with powerless limbs that hung down as if the darkness claimed them, and was loath to give them up. This was not a dream either.

I left the platform chilled to the soul, and with a blank and sickening heart; and descending again the stone steps, I passed round the tower-like building to its other side, and looked up to where the high and long viaduct of wood was to be seen bridging across the space between the tower and the great mound or hillock of which I have spoken before. I saw that at the farther end of it, and all about the mound, and on the flat ground beneath, was gathered a great concourse of pale and silent people, who all looked towards the tower and towards the high and slender viaduct or bridge. While I waited, and looked with them in the same direction, I saw a low truck pushed out from the tower and wheeled swiftly across the bridge, and on that truck was a black coffin. Presently a tall and gaunt figure of very strange appearance, with long hair and beard floating out on the cold wind, came after the coffin from within the tower, and he leaned over the bridge, his figure showing against the sky, and he pointed suddenly towards the coffin as it rolled, and cried aloud to the people below and around:—

“THIS IS CHRISTOPHER WANDLESS!”

I saw all this. The dark stone building, and the high bridge and the coffin wheeled across it, and the gaunt man who called out the name of him who lay within it. And this was not some strange stage play. It was not a picture from some new Dance of Death. It was not a dream. It was reality.

I went, then, to the other side of the great mound on which the crowd was assembled, and at the foot of it I saw a train of carts of all sorts and kinds waiting to receive the dead, some with straw in them to give the corpse a softer bed. When a coffin was brought down from the mound and placed in one of the carts, those who had not been able, for the press upon the hillock above, to get near and look upon the dead man's face, would crowd round the cart, and clamber up upon it, and stand upon the wheels, and the coffin-lid would be pushed aside, and all who could get a chance would gaze upon the sight within it.

And as I looked towards the stone building with the high structure of beams and wheels above it, I saw that those wheels were still revolving slowly, and the ropes again ascending. Again the dark truck was pushed out upon the wooden viaduct, and this time it was followed by another; then, as before, the weird figure of the man with the long hair and beard was seen upon the bridge, and again he pointed with his hand to the coffins, and again he called aloud to the people:—

“These are John Liddell and Oswald Gleghorn!”

After I had stood looking up at that terrible bridge for a time, watching the rolling of the coffins, and listening to the calling of the names, I turned about, and saw at a distance a long, long row of small low houses—a single row some quarter of a mile or more from end to end. Towards this row of houses I observed that the carts were driven as soon as they had received their terrible burden.

I was half afraid of intruding upon grief which I had no right to meddle with in going near that village; but still I followed one of the carts at a distance, and, when it had at length reached the farther end of the row of houses and the coffin had been taken into one of them, I drew near to the door. A crowd of people was assembled on the threshold and in the room within. At the doors of the adjoining houses stood a few women, some with a strange sullen look on their faces, and some with a stupid stunned expression very miserable to see. But from within the house into which the body had been carried there came from some person whom I could not see for the bystanders, a sound of such lamentation as I never heard before. It was a woman's wailing cry fast repeated, and perfectly monotonous, but of such a terrible and peculiar sorrowfulness, so passionate and heart-broken, that I could not, dared not, remain there and listen to it. It was an unbearable cry which I may never forget, and I turned and went away from it. I could bear the horrors of this scene but indifferently, but the grief I could not bear at all. The cry I heard may have been that of a mother with her dear, dear boy brought back to her—and this I fancied to be the case; or it may have been the wail of some

widow—but I know of it that it was unbearable to hear, and that I went away from its sound with a miserable heart.

And so I passed by all this row of houses and saw that they were filled with coffins. Some were piled upon the bedsteads, and some propped on benches and stools on the floor and covered with sheets, through which their hideous outlines showed. Over some, newly arrived, the neighbors were standing in groups, and loving hands were arranging the dead, and wiping the stains from their faces, as it seemed. Some were silent, which was very terrible, and some were moaning and weeping; but none were crying with the same peculiar wail which I had heard issuing from that house at the end of the village.

Most of the houses had their doors standing open, and in one instance, where two of the doors came very near together, a couple of children—a girl and boy, I think—were playing at bo-peep, in and out.

Was that not a dream either? No. I neither heard the sound of the woman's wail, nor saw the children playing at bo-peep in a terrible dream, any more than the other horrors that I had witnessed.

I was awake and standing on English soil, in the village of New Hartley, in Northumberland. The gray stone building like a tower was the fatal Hartley Colliery. The rack-like wheels and cords that rose above it formed part of the apparatus for lowering the pitmen into the shaft, and bringing them up again; and the bodies which I had seen brought up from that black chasm were those of the miners who perished in the depths three hundred feet below.

Before returning to the colliery, I lingered a little longer in the village and noticed more of that sullen expression of which I have spoken appearing in many faces. I noticed, too, to my surprise, that there was a sort of gala-look about the inside of the houses. Far from having neglected to put things straight, as one would have thought they would, the miserable inhabitants seemed to have brightened everything up, and arranged their abodes with a more than common care and neatness. I have also an impression that the women were smartly and carefully dressed. Among the people outside the houses this certainly was so, and artificial flowers were stuck in their bonnets in most cases—flowers of the brightest kind.

A couple of drunken men were reeling along the main thoroughfare, and I lost sight of them as they plunged into one of the houses where the crowd was thickest round a corpse. The little Methodist chapel in the middle of the village was open and full of people, who went there to identify a body which was laid on one of the benches. It was that of a boy, whose face was not disfigured as some of the others were.

From the village I went back to the colliery, and ascended once more to that dreadful platform. The wheels were still turning, and the ropes ascending with their awful load. One could hardly find standing room for the piles of coffins which were placed about in readiness, and for those which were being borne past to the particular spot on the platform where the bodies were laid out. At that place an old woman was standing with a quantity of linen, which she tore into pieces for winding-sheets. These were stretched out and kept from blowing away by weights on their corners till they were wanted, and round about stood those who unfastened the chains with which the corpses were girt about, besides those who were wanted to identify the dead, the doctors, and others. The colliery boys were there to recognize the faces of the other boys who were brought up from below. One after another, at intervals of about a quarter of an hour, the loads of dead were raised, the bodies were reached from the abyss over which they hung by the men who stood there for the purpose, and laid, clothed as they were, upon the outstretched sheet. Poor men, and poor boys, their faces and limbs were grimed with black, and many disfigured in an awful degree. Poor patient hard-working men! It was a sight almost as touching as it was ghastly to see them brought up thus, and lain in their coffins the sheet folded over them, clothed as they were—clothed only in a few scant garments, however, for the air below, though damp, is, I believe, not cold, and they want but little clothing when they are at work. The bodies did not seem to be stiff, and the limbs were easily composed. Some were much more frightful to look upon and more decomposed than others, and some of the boys had color in their lips certainly, and if I remember rightly—it is difficult to be accurate in such a case—had some tint of redness in their faces. "A laddie's cof-

fin" would sometimes be called for by those who laid out the bodies, and a large one asked for at the same time; the two would be pushed across the bridge together, and it may be that the large coffin held the father, and that "the laddie" was his son.

This dreadful operation continued all through that long afternoon without intermission. Relays of men clad in mining costume, were ready to go down when others came up. They sat across a short beam of wood fastened to the chain, and the word was given to the engine-house, "Lower the gin," and then the wheels were at work again, and soon the men were lost in the darkness of the shaft, to appear again in time with that dangling lifeless mass grappled on to the chain beneath them.

Death on this wholesale scale it rarely falls to any man's lot to witness, and especially death attended with such circumstances of blackness and desolation. Not on the battle-field, where there is color and brightness of regimentals and glittering of arms, could such a scene of horror as this be found. That great hole, and the gallows-like machinery above it, and the disfigured, sordidly attired, blackened corpses rising from the dark chasm, can anything more terrible be conceived? The long preparation for what was coming, of that ever-rising rope watched so eagerly, the piles of coffins in all directions, the wild aspect of those pale miners standing about the fires, the horrid and suggestive smell of chloride of lime—which even clung to my clothing next day—can any more hideous combination of things be conceived.

Once more I went below and wandered a little way into some purer air, but still keeping near the place. The sun was setting when I turned again towards that Tower of Death. It was behind the building within which these things that I have spoken of were concealed, and it blazed through it and around it, its beams passing over the village to which the dead were taken. All was enveloped for a time in a sort of fiery nimbus, and then the sun went down.

The sun went down, and the chilling icy cold increased as the darkness began to fall over the scene. Again I stood upon the platform beside the shaft. Still that sinister machine was at work. Again the smoothly working ropes were gliding up out of the black place, and then the pale miners, who

looked like corpses themselves, came up into the shadowy and fading light; and the indistinct bundles of clothing, with the hanging heads and swinging legs and arms, came up too. Then, with a hollow sound, the coffins rolled across the bridge. And now the preparations for the night were made, and fires kindled in the beacon-irons, to give light. One such beacon was slung with ropes aloft over the spot on which the recovered bodies were laid, and another stood near upon a sort of tripod. The light from them began to gleam upon the woodwork of the scaffold, upon the broken brattice, upon the smoothly rising ropes, upon the strange dresses of the miners and their pale faces, and lastly on those ever-arriving masses of corruption which swung up from the depths below. Looking aside to where the stone steps gave access to the platform, one could see against the sky the shapes of fresh coffins arriving in continuous succession.

Volleys of sparks flew from the beacons, driving before the cutting wind. The linen for the winding-sheets waved and fluttered, but was soon pressed down with such a deadly weight as kept it still enough. The twilight deepened, and still the wheels were at work. Still the two ropes descended, and the men who clung to each would swing against the others' rope and disappear below. Then came the interval while they were busied with their dreadful task; and then again the long ascent, the ropes steadier, perhaps, with the added weight. The names of the dead called aloud—unless, as I remember once, the poor disfigured corpse was recognized by no one, when the word "Unknown" was written on the coffin.

As to the stories of what the searchers found below, we must take them upon hearsay. That the men did not survive the blocking-up of the pit mouth for more than thirty-six hours seems sure. They were saved the pangs of starvation, and their death was easy and painless. We know that they held a prayer-meeting before they died, and we know little more. With most of the accounts of touching scenes disclosed to the eyes of those who descended the shaft, every one is acquainted; and we have heard that fathers and children were found together, and that one man especially was found kneeling with his little boy's arms clasped about his neck. There seems no reason to doubt these statements; but they are almost too heart-rending to dwell upon.

I was very glad at last to turn away from the dreadful place. When I looked back towards it for the last time, the racklike wheels, relieved against the fast darkening sky, were still turning, and the strained ropes ascending still.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION EXPEDITION.

At length the continent of Australia, has been crossed, and the mystery of its vast interior has been solved; but with what a frightful sacrifice of human life has this feat been accomplished! Burke, the leader of the party, Wills, the second in command, Dr. Becker, the health-officer of the expedition, and two subordinates, Gray and Patton, have all perished, three of them after achieving the enterprise upon which they set forth.

It may be remembered that, in November, 1860, the Royal Society of Victoria, aided by the government, sent forth from Melbourne a party of picked men, well equipped with all needful stores, and provided with camels, procured from India specially for the purpose. This party was headed by Robert O'Hara Burke, a gentleman of Austrian military experiences, and in every way well qualified for the performance of the onerous task for which he was selected. His instructions were to make the Cooper's Creek of Stuart the basis of his operations, and thence to endeavor to cross the unknown country beyond in the direction of the Gulf of Carpentaria. Mr. Landells, the purveyor of the camels, was originally the second officer of the expedition; Dr. Becker was medical attendant, and Dr. Beckler was the naturalist and geologist of the party. Becker died before they arrived at Cooper's Creek, and Beckler and Landells seem to have quailed before the dangers of the trackless desert, for they speedily returned to Melbourne and safety. A young man named Wills, attached to the party as astronomer, then succeeded to Mr. Landells' place. Mr. Brahe, a German, and Wright, an experienced bushman, were also officers of the expedition. We particularize these names in consequence of what follows.

Leaving Wright to bring up the stores from Menindie, on the Darling River, Burke pushed on to Cooper's Creek, where he formed a dépôt, of which Brahe and others of the party were placed in charge, with instructions to remain there four months, whilst Burke, Wills, King, and Gray set forth on their perilous mission. They started on the 16th December, and Brahe remained at his post until the 21st

April, 1861, when one of the men, Patton, being dangerously ill, their provisions running short, and Wright not having appeared with the remaining stores, Brahe resolved to return to Melbourne. Before doing so, however, he formed a *cache* in the earth, placing therein five days' provisions for the absent explorers, and a letter stating the circumstances of his departure. On a tree near the cache, Brahe carved with an axe the words

DIG. APRIL 21.

Patton died on the journey down. Two days afterwards, Brahe met Wright coming up with supplies of provisions. The united party then returned to Cooper's Creek. No trace of Burke was visible at the dépôt. The cache was covered with camel's dung as they had left it, and apparently it had not been disturbed, nor was there any mark on the trees to indicate that Burke had been there. This is the saddest part of this sad story. Burke, Wills, and King (for Gray died in the desert of exhaustion) reached the dépôt on their return-route—having succeeded in penetrating to the tidal flow of the Albert River on the north coast—*only six hours after Brahe left it* on the 21st April, but were too weak and worn out to follow Brahe's party with any prospect of overtaking them. When Brahe and Wright returned, the unfortunate explorers were actually within a few miles of the spot. Had Brahe searched the cache, he would have found Burke's letter (since recovered) to this effect, and in all human probability the terrible catastrophe which we have now to relate would never have occurred.

But Brahe and Wright neglected to open the cache, and consequently returned to Melbourne in ignorance of Burke's proximity. The Royal Society, dissatisfied with this result, and seriously anxious for the safety of the absent men, equipped a new party, the command of which was intrusted to Mr. Alfred Howitt, a son of William and Mary Howitt. At the same time, the *Victoria* armed steam-sloop was despatched to the Gulf of Carpentaria, to explore the shores in that direction for traces of Burke. From Adelaide and Moreton Bay, other expeditions were sent out with the same object. Howitt started from Melbourne in July, and reached the dépôt on Cooper's Creek on the 13th September. Two days afterwards, he

fell in with a party of natives, who by signs and in broken English conveyed to him the intelligence that a white man was living with them. This was King, the only survivor of Burke's party. "I found him," says Howitt, "sitting in a hut which the natives had made for him. He presented a melancholy appearance, wasted to a shadow, and hardly to be distinguished as a civilized being but by the remnants of clothes upon him. He seemed exceedingly weak, and I found it occasionally difficult to follow what he said. The natives were all gathered round, seated on the ground, looking on with a most gratified and delighted expression."

From this wan and wasted relic of the expedition, Howitt extracted the following narrative, which for simple pathos has certainly never been excelled.

"JOHN KING'S NARRATIVE.

"Mr. Burke, Mr. Wills, and I reached the dépôt at Cooper's Creek on April 21, about half-past seven in the evening, with two camels—all that remained of the six Mr. Burke took with him. All the provisions we then had consisted of a pound and a half of dried meat. We found the party had gone the same day, and looking about for any mark they might have left, found the tree with 'Dig. April 21.' Mr. Wills said the party had left for the Darling. We dug, and found the plant of stores. Mr. Burke took the papers out of the bottle, and then asked each of us whether we were able to proceed up the creek in pursuit of the party. We said not; and he then said that he thought it his duty to ask us, but that he himself was unable to do so, but that he had decided upon trying to make Mount Hopeless, as he had been assured by the committee in Melbourne that there was a cattle-station within one hundred and fifty miles of Cooper's Creek. Mr. Wills was not inclined to follow this plan, but wished to go down our old track, but at last gave in to Mr. Burke's wishes. I also wished to go down by our old track. We remained four or five days to recruit, and make preparations to go down the creek by stages of four to five miles a day, and Mr. Burke placed a paper in the plant, stating what were our plans. Travelling down the creek, we got some fish from the natives; and, some distance down, one of the camels (Landa) got bogged, and although we remained there that day and part of the next trying to dig him out, we found our strength insufficient to do so. The evening of the second day we shot him as he lay, and having cut off as

much meat as we could, we lived on it while we stayed to dry the remainder. Throwing all the least necessary things away, we made one load for the remaining camel (Rajah), and each of us carried a swag [burden] of about twenty-five pounds. We were then tracing down the branches of the creek running south, but found that they ran out into earthy plains. We had understood that the creek along Gregory's track was continuous; and finding that all these creeks ran out into plains, Mr. Burke returned, our camel being completely knocked up. We then intended to give the camel a spell for a few days, and to make a new attempt to push on forty or fifty miles to the south, in the hope of striking the creek. During the time that the camel was being rested, Mr. Burke and Mr. Wills went in search of the natives, to endeavor to find out how the nardoo grew. Having found their camp, they obtained as much nardoo-cake and fish as they could eat, but could not explain that they wished to be shown how to find the seed themselves. They returned on the third day, bringing some fish and nardoo-cake with them. On the following day, the camel Rajah seemed very ill, and I told Mr. Burke I thought he could not linger out more than four days; and as on the same evening the poor brute was on the point of dying, Mr. Burke ordered him to be shot. I did so, and we cut him up with two broken knives and a lancet. We cured the meat, and planted it; and Mr. Burke then made another attempt to find the nardoo, taking me with him. We went down the creek, expecting to find the natives at the camp where they had been last seen, but found that they had left; and not knowing whether they had gone up or down the creek, we slept in their gunyahs that night, and on the following morning returned to Mr. Wills. The next day, Mr. Burke and I started up the creek, but could see nothing of them, and were three days away, when we returned, and remained three days in our camp with Mr. Wills. We then made a plant of (i.e., hid away in the earth) all the articles we could not carry with us, leaving five pounds of rice and a quantity of meat, and then followed up the creek, where there were some good native huts.

"We remained at that place a few days, and finding our provisions were beginning to run short, Mr. Burke said that we ought to do something, and that if we did not find the nardoo we should starve, and that he intended to save a little dried meat and rice to carry us to Mount Hopeless. The three of us then came to the conclusion that it would be better to make a second attempt to reach Mount Hopeless, as we were then

as strong as we were likely to be, our daily allowance being then reduced. Mr. Burke asked each of us whether we were willing to make another attempt to reach the South Australian settlements, and we decided on going. We took with us what remained of the provisions we had planted—two and a half pounds of oatmeal, a small quantity of flour, and the dried meat—this, with powder and shot, and other small articles, made up our swags to thirty pounds each, and Mr. Burke carried one billy of water, and I another. We had not gone far before we came on a flat, where I saw a plant growing which I took to be clover, and, on looking closer, saw the seed, and called out that I had found the nardoo. They were very glad when I found it. We travelled three days, and struck a watercourse coming south from Cooper's Creek. We traced this, as it branched out and re-formed on the plains, until we at last lost it in flat country. Sandhills were in front of us, for which we made, and travelled all day, but found no water. We were all greatly fatigued, as our rations now consisted of only one small johnny-cake [made of flour and water], and three sticks of dried meat daily. We camped that evening about four o'clock, intending to push next day until two o'clock P.M., and then, should we not find water, to return. We travelled, and found no water, and the three of us sat down and rested for an hour, and then turned back. We all felt satisfied that, had there been a few days' rain, we could have got through. We were then, according to Mr. Wills' calculation, forty-five miles from the creek. We travelled on the day we turned back very late, and the following evening reached the nearest water at the creek. We gathered some nardoo, and boiled the seeds, as we were unable to pound them. The following day we reached the main creek; and knowing where there was a fine water-hole and native gunyahs (huts constructed of bark), we went there, intending to save what remained of our flour and dried meat, for the purpose of making another attempt to reach Mount Hopeless. On the following day, Mr. Wills and I went out to gather nardoo, of which we obtained a supply sufficient for three days; and finding a pounding-stone at the gunyahs, Mr. Wills and I pounded the seed, which was such slow work, that we were compelled to use half flour and half nardoo. Mr. Burke and Mr. Wills then went down the creek for the remainder of the dried meat which we had planted, and we had now all our things with us, gathering nardoo, and living the best way we could. Mr. Burke requested Mr. Wills to go up the creek as far as the dépôt, and to place a note in the plant there,

stating that we were then living on the creek, the former note having stated that we were on our road to South Australia. He was also to bury there the field-books of the journey to the gulf. Before starting, he got three pounds of flour and three pounds of pounded nardoo, and about a pound of meat, as he expected to be absent about eight days. During his absence, I gathered nardoo and pounded it, as Mr. Burke wished to lay in a supply in case of rain.

"A few days after Mr. Wills left, some natives came down to the creek to fish at some water-holes near our camp. They were civil to us at first, and offered us some fish; on the second day they came again to fish, and Mr. Burke took down two bags, which they filled for him; on the third they gave us one bag of fish, and afterwards all came to our camp. We used to keep our ammunition and other articles in one gunyah, and all three of us lived together in another. One of the natives took an oil-cloth out of this gunyah, and Mr. Burke seeing him run away with it, followed him with his revolver, and fired over his head and upon this the native dropped the oil-cloth. While he was away, the other blacks invited me away to a water-hole to eat fish; but I declined to do so, as Mr. Burke was away, and a number of natives were about who would have taken all our things. When I refused, one took his boomerang and laid it over my shoulder, and then told me by signs that if I called out for Mr. Burke as I was doing, that he would strike me. Upon this I got them all in front of the gunyah, and fired a revolver over their heads; but they did not seem at all afraid, until I got out the gun, when they all ran away. Mr. Burke, hearing the report, came back, and we saw no more of them until late that night, when they came with some cooked fish, and called out 'White fellow!' Mr. Burke then went out with his revolver, and found a whole tribe coming down, all painted, and with fish in small nets carried by two men. Mr. Burke went to meet them, and they wished to surround him, but he knocked as many of the nets of fish out of their hands as he could, and shouted out to me to fire. I did so, and they ran off. We collected five small nets of cooked fish. The reason he would not accept the fish from them was, that he was afraid of being too friendly, lest they should be always at our camp. We then lived on fish until Mr. Wills returned. He told us that he had met the natives soon after leaving us, and that they were very kind to him, and had given him plenty to eat both on going up and returning. He seemed to consider that he should have very little difficulty in living with them, and as

their camp was close to ours, he returned to them the same day, and found them very hospitable and friendly, keeping him with them two days. They then made signs to him to be off. He came to us, and narrated what had happened, but went back to them the following day, when they gave him his breakfast, but made signs for him to go away. He pretended not to understand them, and would not go; upon which they made signs that they were going up the creek, and that he had better go down. They packed up and left the camp, giving Mr. Wills a little nardoo to take to us.

* During his absence, while Mr. Burke was cooking some fish, during a strong wind, the flames caught the gunyah, and burned so rapidly, that we were unable, not only to put it out, but to save any of our things, excepting one revolver and a gun. Mr. Wills being returned, it was decided to go up the creek and live with the natives, if possible, as Mr. Wills thought we should have but little difficulty in obtaining provisions from them if we camped on the opposite side of the creek to them. He said he knew where they were gone, so we packed up and started. Coming to the gunyahs, where we expected to have found them, we were disappointed, and seeing a nardoo-field close by, halted intending to make it our camp. For some time we were employed gathering nardoo, and laying up a supply. Mr. Wills and I used to collect and carry home a bag each day, and Mr. Burke generally pounded sufficient for our dinner during our absence; but Mr. Wills found himself getting very weak, and was shortly unable to go out to gather nardoo as before, nor even strong enough to pound it, so that in a few days he became almost helpless. I still continued gathering; and Mr. Burke now also began to feel very weak, and said he could be of very little use in pounding. I had now to gather and pound for all three of us. I continued to do this for a few days; but finding my strength rapidly failing, my legs being very weak and painful, I was unable to go out for several days, and we were compelled to consume six days' stock which we had laid by. Mr. Burke now proposed that I should gather as much as possible in three days, and that with this supply we should go in search of the natives—a plan which had been urged upon us by Mr. Wills as the only chance of saving him, and ourselves as well, as he clearly saw that I was no longer able to collect sufficient for our wants. Having collected the seed, as proposed, and having pounded sufficient to last Mr. Wills for eight days, and two days for ourselves, we placed water and firewood

within his reach, and started. Before leaving him, however, Mr. Burke asked him whether he still wished it, as under no other circumstances would he leave him; and Mr. Wills again said that he looked on it as our only chance. He then gave Mr. Burke a letter and his watch for his father, and we buried the remainder of the field-books near the gunyah. Mr. Wills said that, in case of my surviving Mr. Burke, he hoped that I would carry out his last wishes in giving the watch and letter to his father.

"In travelling the first day, Mr. Burke seemed very weak, and complained of great pain in his legs and back. On the second day he seemed to be better, and said that he thought he was getting stronger, but on starting, did not go two miles before he said he could go no further. I persisted in his trying to go on, and managed to get him along several times, until I saw he was almost knocked up, when he said he could not carry his swag, and threw all he had away. I also reduced mine, taking nothing but a gun and some powder and shot, and a small pouch and some matches. On starting again, we did not go far before Mr. Burke said we should halt for the night, but as the place was close to a large sheet of water, and exposed to the wind, I prevailed on him to go a little further, to the next reach of water, where we camped. We searched about, and found a few small patches of nardoo, which I collected and pounded, and, with a crow which I shot, made a good evening's meal. From the time we halted, Mr. Burke seemed to be getting worse, although he ate his supper. He said he felt convinced he could not last many hours, and gave me his watch, which he said belonged to the committee, and a pocket-book, to give to Sir William Stawell, and in which he wrote some notes. He then said to me: 'I hope you will remain with me here till I am quite dead; it is a comfort to know that some one is by; but when I am dying, it is my wish that you should place the pistol in my right hand, and that you leave me unburied as I lie.' That night he spoke very little, and the following morning I found him speechless, or nearly so; and about eight o'clock he expired. I remained a few hours there, but as I saw there was no use in remaining longer, I went up the creek in search of the natives. I felt very lonely, and at night usually slept in deserted wurleys, belonging to the natives. Two days after leaving the spot where Mr. Burke died, I found some gunyahs, where the natives had deposited a bag of nardoo, sufficient to last me a fortnight, and three bundles containing various articles. I also

shot a crow that evening, but was in great dread that the natives would come and deprive me of the nardoo.

"I remained there two days, to recover my strength, and then returned to Mr. Wills. I took back three crows; but found him lying dead in his gunyah, and the natives had been there, and had taken away some of his clothes. I buried the corpse with sand, and remained there some days; but finding that my stock of nardoo was running short, and being unable to gather it, I tracked the natives who had been to the camp by their footprints in the sand, and went some distance down the creek, shooting crows and hawks on the road. The natives, hearing the report of the gun, came to meet me, and took me with them to their camp, giving me nardoo and fish. They took the birds I had shot and cooked them for me, and afterwards showed me a gunyah, where I was to sleep with three of the single men. The following morning they commenced talking to me, and putting one finger on the ground, and covering it with sand, at the same time pointing up the creek, saying, 'White fellow,' which I understood to mean that one white man was dead. From this I knew that they were the tribe who had taken Mr. Wills' clothes. They then asked me where the third white man was, and I also made the sign of putting two fingers on the ground, and covering them with sand, at the same time pointing up the creek. They appeared to feel great compassion for me when they understood that I was alone on the creek, and gave me plenty to eat. After being four days with them, I saw that they were becoming tired of me, and they made signs that they were going up the creek, and that I had better go downwards; but I pretended not to understand them. The same day they shifted camp, and I followed them, and on reaching their camp, I shot some crows, which pleased them so much that they made me a breakwind in the centre of their camp, and came and sat round me until such time as the crows were cooked, when they assisted me to eat them. The same day, one of the women, to whom I had given part of a crow, came and gave me a ball of nardoo, saying that she would give me more, only she had such a sore arm that she was unable to pound. She showed me a sore on her arm, and the thought struck me that I would boil some water in the billy, and wash her arm with a sponge. During the operation, the whole tribe sat round, and were muttering one to another. Her husband sat down by her side, and she was crying all the time. After I had washed it, I touched it with some nitrate of silver, when she began to yell, and ran off crying out 'Mokow! mokow!'

(Fire! fire!) From this time, she and her husband used to give me a small quantity of nardoo both night and morning, and whenever the tribe were about going on a fishing excursion, he used to give me notice to go with them. They used also to assist me in making a gourley, or breakwind, whenever they shifted camp. I generally shot a crow or a hawk, and gave it to them in return for these little services. Every four or five days the tribe would surround me, and ask whether I intended going up or down the creek; at last I made them understand, that if they went up I should go up the creek, and if they went down I should also go down, and from this time they seemed to look upon me as one of themselves, and supplied me with fish and nardoo regularly. They were very anxious, however, to know where Mr. Burke lay; and one day when we were fishing in the water-holes close by, I took them to the spot. On seeing his remains, the whole party wept bitterly, and covered them with bushes. After this, they were much kinder to me than before; and I always told them that the white men would be here before two moons; and in the evenings, when they came with nardoo and fish, they used to talk about the 'white fellows' coming, at the same time pointing to the moon. I also told them they would receive many presents, and they constantly asked me for tomahawks, called by them 'Bomayko.' From this time to when the relief-party arrived—a period of about a month—they treated me with uniform kindness, and looked upon me as one of themselves. The day on which I was released, one of the tribe who had been fishing came and told me that the white fellows were coming, and the whole of the tribe who were then in camp sallied out in every direction to meet the party, while the man who had brought the news took me across the creek, where I shortly saw the party coming down."

On the 18th September, Mr. Howitt proceeded to inter the remains of poor Wills. "I left camp this morning with Messrs. Brahe, Welsh, Wheeler, and King, to perform a melancholy duty, which has weighed on my mind ever since we have camped here, and which I have only put off until King should be well enough to accompany us. We proceeded down the creek for seven miles, crossing a branch running to the southward, and followed a native track leading to that part of the creek where Mr. Burke, Mr. Wills, and King camped after their unsuccessful attempt to reach Mount Hopeless and the northern settlements of

South Australia, and where poor Wills died. We found the two gunyahs pretty much as King had described them, situated on a sandbank between two water-holes, and about a mile from the flat where they procured the nardoo-seed, on which they managed to exist so long. Poor Wills' remains we found lying in the wurley in which he died, and where King, after his return from seeking for the natives, had buried him with sand and rushes. We carefully collected the remains, and interred them where they lay; and, not having a prayer-book, I read chap. v. of 1 Cor., that we might at least feel a melancholy satisfaction in having shown the last respect to his remains. We heaped sand over the grave, and laid branches upon it, that the natives might understand by their own tokens not to disturb the last repose of a fellow-being. I cut the following inscription on a tree close by, to mark the spot:—

W. J. WILLS,
XLV. YDS.
W. N. W.
A. H.

The field-books, a note-book belonging to Mr. Burke, various small articles lying about, of no value in themselves, but now invested with a deep interest from the circumstances connected with them, and some of the nardoo-seed on which they had subsisted, with the small wooden trough in which it had been cleaned, I have now in my possession. We returned home with saddened feelings; but I must confess that I felt a sense of relief that this painful ordeal had been gone through. King was very tired when we returned; and I must, most unwillingly defer my visit to the spot where Mr. Burke's remains are lying until he is better able to bear the fatigue." Three days later, he performed the same mournful office for Burke.

"Sept. 21.—Finding that it would not be prudent for King to go out for two or three days, I could no longer defer making a search for the spot where Mr. Burke died, and with such directions as King could give, I went up the creek this morning with Messrs. Brahe, Welsh, Wheeler, and Aitkin. We searched the creek upwards for eight miles, and at length, strange to say, found the remains of Mr. Burke lying among tall plants under a clump of box-trees, within two hundred yards of our last camp, and not thirty paces from our track. It was still more ex-

traordinary that three or four of the party and the two black boys had been close to the spot without noticing it. The bones were entire, with the exception of the hands and feet; and the body had been removed from the spot where it first lay, and where the natives had placed branches over it, to about five paces' distance. I found the revolver which Mr. Burke held in his hand when he expired partly covered with leaves and earth, and corroded with rust. It was loaded and capped. We dug a grave close to the spot, and interred the remains wrapped in the union-jack—the most fitting covering in which the bones of a brave but unfortunate man could take their last rest. On a box-tree, at the head of the grave, the following inscription is cut:—

R. O'H. B.
21 | 9 | 61.
A. H."

The legislature of Victoria have determined that these martyrs to science, and to the spirit of discovery, shall not be buried in the wilderness, and instructions have been sent to Mr. Howitt to collect their bones, and bring them to Melbourne, where they will receive the honors of a public funeral. Monuments are being erected to their memory in various parts of the colony, and handsome provision is to be made by the government for the surviving relatives of these brave men. King, the survivor, will receive a pension for life, and Burke's foster-mother—who arrived in Melbourne three days after he started on his fatal journey—will be cared for by the legislature.

We subjoin the last letters of Burke and Wills, both of which were found by Howitt in the cache at Cooper's Creek.

BURKE'S LAST LETTER.

The following is the despatch of Mr. Burke left at the dépôt at Cooper's Creek:—

"Dépôt No. 2, Cooper's Creek.
Camp No. 65.

"The return-party from Carpenteria, consisting of myself, Mr. Wills, and King (Gray dead), arrived here last night, and found that the dépôt-party had only started on the same day. We proceed on to-morrow slowly down the creek towards Adelaide, by Mount Hopeless, and shall endeavor to follow Gregory's track, but we are very weak. The two camels are done up, and we shall not be able to travel further than four or five miles a day. Gray died on the road from exhaustion and fatigue. We have all suffered much from hunger. The provisions left here will,

I think, restore our strength. We have discovered a practicable route to Carpentaria, the chief portion of which lies on the 140th meridian of east longitude. There is some good country between this and the stony desert. From there to the tropic the country is dry and stony. Between the tropic and Carpentaria a considerable portion is rangy, but it is well watered and richly grassed.

"We reached the shores of Carpentaria on the 11th February, 1861. Greatly disappointed at finding the party here gone.

"R. O'HARA BURKE, *Leader*.

"April 22, 1861.

P.S.—The camels cannot travel, and we cannot walk, or we should follow the other party. We shall move very slowly down the creek."

WILLS' LAST LETTER.

The following is Mr. Wills' letter, which he buried in the cache at Cooper's Creek, after finding it impossible to get through to South Australia :—

"*Dépôt Camp, May 30.*

"We have been unable to leave the creek. Both camels are dead, and our provisions are done. Mr. Burke and King are down the lower part of the creek. I am about to

return to them, when we shall probably come up this way. We are trying to live the best way we can like blacks, but find it hard work. Our clothes are going to pieces fast. Send provisions and clothes as soon as possible.

"W. J. WILLS.

"The dépôt-party having left, contrary to instructions, has put us in this fix. I have deposited some of my journals here, for fear of accidents.

"(Signed) W. J. W."

Already the Australian colonists are bestirring themselves to turn to account the vast tract opened up by the labors of Burke and Wills. Companies with large capital are in process of formation; private enterprise is also at work; and the Government of Victoria has applied to the imperial Government for the annexation of the new country to their own territory.

We may add, that Mr. Stuart has also returned to Adelaide, having again penetrated to within one hundred and fifty miles of the northern coast. The desert supposed to exist in the interior has been discovered to be a fertile and habitable region, and will speedily be occupied by the flocks and herds of the Shepherd Kings of Australia.

ON THE REMOVAL OF DR. JENNER'S STATUE.

[A descendant of Dr. Jenner forwards to us the following "poet's malison" upon the transference of his great ancestor's statue from Trafalgar Square to Kensington Gardens.—ED.]

Ah, Healer of the human race!
And cannot England spare
Thy statue one poor corner place
In proud Trafalgar Square?

Is hero-worship all the rage
In this enlightened day?
And can due honor none engage
But such as fight and slay?

Shall Nelson or a Napier be
High pedestalled in state,
And marbled into memory,
As they alone were great?

And shall the man whose healing skill
Saved millions of mankind*
No niche in Honor's temple fill—
To place obscure consigned?

* It is calculated that a million lives in a year are saved in China alone by Dr. Jenner's vaccine discovery.

We grant our Nelsons, Napiers, were
Their country's brave defenders;
And honor by their statues there
Our patriotism renders.

But sure 'twas fit thy form was placed
In statue by their side,
Since saving life, and laying waste,
So closely are allied.

Sure if we honor those who slay,
And earth with skull-caps pave,
'Tis meet we equal honor pay
To those who heal and save.

—Press.

S. J.

NEARLY 900,000 persons, four and a half per cent of our population, are now receiving parish relief: a terrible background to all our pictures of English prosperity.—*Spectator*.

A NEW PICTURE.—Mr. Leutze is making considerable progress with his great picture at the Capitol at Washington. It represents emigrants, in wagons and on foot, coming up through a mountain pass to a point where an illimitable prospect of plains extends before the enraptured vision.

From The Examiner.

Memorable Women of the Puritan Times.
By the Rev. James Anderson. In Two
Volumes. Blackie and Son.

MR. ANDERSON is experienced in the writing of female biography. "Ladies of the Reformation" and "Ladies of the Covenant" have already been subjects of his research, and the present work forms an agreeable continuation of the one volume and companion of the other. It is aptly described by its title. It treats not simply of Puritan heroines, but of five-and-twenty memorable women of Puritan times, irrespective of the sects to which they belonged. Himself a Puritan at heart, Mr. Anderson honestly tells the story of Mary Dyer, the Quakeress, to show how cruelly the Puritans would persecute when they had the power. About Lucy Hutchinson, Elizabeth Bunyan, and three other Baptist ladies, he writes in full sympathy with all that was good in their characters. He traces the lives of all Cromwell's daughters, although only one was a Puritan, the other three being zealous Churchwomen in everything save their tolerant disposition towards the associates of their father. All this adds to the worth and completeness of a work on which its author has spent much time and energy. Though dealing briefly with his subjects, he has worked with thoroughness, using whatever rare bit of printed information came in his way, and all available manuscript material. The result is that he has real information to give about the women of that sturdy century; woman, as Butler said in "Hudibras,"

"Women that left no stone unturned
In which the cause might be concerned;
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,

To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;
Marched rank and file, with drum and ensign,
To intrench the city for defence in;
Raised rampires with their own soft hands
To put the enemy to stands;
From ladies down to oyster wenches
Labored like pioneers in trenches,
Fell to their pickaxes and tools,
And helped the men to dig like moles!"

Altogether a woman of that masculine sort was Brilliana Conway, wife of Sir Robert Harley. Born in the year 1600, she was a fierce theological disputant in her teens, and when political strife arose, she converted her husband from a farmer into a soldier. In 1643, he being in the field elsewhere, she

bravely and skilfully defended her residence, Brampton Castle, from the besieging Cavaliers. Twice they went against the place, and twice they were boldly repulsed, the second siege being abandoned after six weeks' operations. It was too hard a strain, however, for her weak body to endure. In October of the same year a third siege was planned, and the news came to her while ill in bed. "I hope the Lord will be merciful to me, in giving me my health," she wrote to her son, "for it is an ill time to be sick in." But she died, and the castle, deprived of its heroine, was taken after a three weeks' siege. Puritanism, as it shone in its brightest day of strength and beauty, was admirably exhibited in that "phoenix of women," as she was called. To her son she addressed a long series of notable letters, in which, with avoidance of much of the extravagant thought common in the rest, there was shown that peculiar earnestness of Christian temper always roused by great occasions in great minds. "My dear Ned," she said in one letter, "I must lay both my conditions together—my time of freedom from afflictions, and my time of afflictions; in the one I found a weakness in the service of God, above the weakness of the things in this life, and in trouble a sweetness in the service of God which took away the bitterness of the affliction; and I tell you this that you may believe how good the Lord is, and believe it as a tried truth that the service of the Lord is more sweet, more peaceful, more delightful, than the enjoying all the fading pleasures of the world." Sometimes her resignation took peculiar forms. "I take it as a special providence of God," she wrote in 1639, "that I have so froward a maid about me as Mary is, since I love peace and quietness so well. She has been extremely froward since I have been ill. I did not think that any would have been so choleric." The ladies who give thanks for having bad-tempered servant-girls are now-a-days, perhaps, not more in number than those who would be able, as women-at-arms, to defend their castles to the death.

Older than Lady Harley, though living many years longer, was Lady Mary Vere, a woman of a gentler sort. On her story Mr. Anderson dwells very fully. He then sketches the lives of four emigrants to the New World; that of Mary Dyer being the most interest-

ing of the four. Repelled by the stern, vindictive element of Puritanism which became most apparent in America, she joined the Society of Friends. On that account she was imprisoned, and, after much brutal treatment, executed in 1659.

About the name of Cromwell Mr. Anderson clusters half a dozen pleasant portraits. The Lord Protector's mother, Elizabeth Steward, was a woman with no little strength of mind and heart. Shrewdly and honestly she superintended the Huntingdon brew-house; and with the profits she was able to give good education to her children as they grew up, and to provide considerable fortunes for her daughters as they married. Between her and Oliver there was maintained a very genuine and lifelong love. As he rose in power, she became ever more fearful lest disaster should befall him. Every day that she did not see him made her timid and nervous; and whenever an unexpected gunshot was heard, she exclaimed in the weak terror of her age, "My son is shot!" She lived to be ninety-four, however, and still see her famous son a watcher by her deathbed, and after death she was laid in the royal burial-place at Westminster.

Cromwell's wife was no less notable a woman. In the time of their poverty she is described to have been "as capable of descending to the kitchen with propriety as she was afterwards of acting in her exalted station with dignity." Having been at one time a guest of Charles the First, and possessing a woman's honest dislike of bloodshed, she did her utmost to restrain her husband from implication in the king's death; for this reason a meed of praise was given her in the popular song of the Cavaliers:—

"The tears of our new Pilate's wife
Could not avail to save his life."

The stout Protector is not likely at any time to have listened to his wife's counsel on political matters, and she appears to have very seldom offered it, but in all womanly work she was a good wife to him. Keeping court as, in some sort, Puritan Queen of England, she acted with forbearance and uprightness. As a mother, she trained wisely her daughters. As a widow who, in losing her husband, lost all the earthly possessions which that husband had obtained for her, and was left to be scoffed at, if not quite for-

gotten, by the courtiers of restored royalty, she demeaned herself nobly. "Here is a sad family on all hands," wrote Thurloe the day after Cromwell's death; "the Lord support them!" Fourteen years of affliction she endured before she died.

Of her daughters, Bridget married first to Henry Ireton and afterwards to Charles Fleetwood, was a staunch Republican and Puritan as became the wife of two such men; the others were of gentler thought. Most womanly of all was Elizabeth, Lady Claymore, the one best loved and most tenderly watched over by her father. The only fault the Protector found in her was a proneness to be "cozzened with worldly vanities and worldly company." The family honors seem to have made her somewhat haughty, and, to keep up a good appearance in the world, she and her husband frequently ran into debt; but every one loved her for her goodness of heart, and mourned at her death before she was twenty-nine years old. Andrew Marvel was her tutor, and in his pathetic verse she lives forever.

Cromwell's third daughter, Mary, wife of the Earl of Fauconberg, lived to be admired and courted by the followers of Charles the Second; and Frances, the youngest of the four, could boast that Charles himself had been her suitor. Anxious in any way to get possession of authority in England, he sent to offer marriage to a daughter of the man whom he held to be a chief murderer of his father. Frances and her mother, to whom the proposal was first made by Lord Broghill, the exile's agent, were ready for the match; but not so the Lord Protector. "No," he said bluntly, "the king will never forgive me the death of his father; besides, he is so damnably debauched he cannot be trusted." Much against her will, it is recorded, Frances had to submit to her father's wise decision. Many other suitors came to console her. Of one, Jeremiah White, commonly called Jerry, her father's chaplain, Mr. Anderson repeats the well-known story. Cromwell being informed of the flirtation, and hearing at one particular time that the chaplain was alone with his daughter, rushed angrily to the room, and found Jerry on his knees with Fanny's hand against his lips. "What is the meaning of that posture before my daughter Frances?" he asked. "May it please your highness," was Jerry's over-

shrewd reply, "I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail. I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector was willing to take that lie for truth. Turning to the maid he said, "What is the meaning of this, huzzy? Why refuse the honor Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." The girl, pleased and astonished, but with her wits about her, made the best of her strange chance. "If Mr. White intends me that honor," she said, with a courtesy and a blush, "I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, my lass?" cried Cromwell; "call Goodwin. This business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." He awarded a dowry of five hundred pounds, and the marriage was at once effected. The end of that comedy, we are told, was fifty years of unhappiness between husband and wife. Fanny Cromwell, however, was saved from the parson's clutch, and lived to be wife first of Robert Rich and afterwards of Sir John Russell, and to be spoken of by Bishop Burnet as "a very worthy person."

In the second volume of this book there

is a pleasant account of Lucy Apsley, the noble wife of Colonel Hutchinson. Sketches, also, are given of Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Bunyan, and several other women of that generation. The book ends, as it should, with mention of a granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, Mrs. Bridget Bendish. Travelling once in a coach with two strangers, she was angered by their disparaging conversation on the great Protector, and still more by the extreme abuse which one of them poured on her when she essayed to defend him. The controversy became hotter and hotter until at last, on their arriving at a halting-place, the lady demanded a private interview with her opponent. Then she told him that in the grossest manner he had belied the most pious man that ever lived; that Cromwell's blood, flowing in her veins, would not allow her to pass over the indignities cast on his memory in her presence; that though she could not handle a sword, she could use a pistol as well as any one,—and that she demanded instant satisfaction to the injured honor of her family. Of course an apology was made, and the stout-hearted representative of Cromwell and Ireton lived to be eighty years old.

THE USE OF MOULDS AND FERMENTS.—

At the meeting of the Institute of France, on the 10th inst., M. Pasteur, who is at the present moment the most distinguished member in the department of the physiological sciences, brought forward the result of his researches as to the part which moulds and fungi play in the economy of nature. This is extremely interesting. He finds that when diluted spirit is made to trickle over shavings of wood in an open barrel, and in so doing is converted into vinegar (which is the usual process of vinegar-making), the change is in fact due, not to the exposure of the spirit to the oxygen of the air merely, and its conversion into acid by the absorption of that oxygen, as is commonly supposed, but to the vital action of a kind of mould or fungus which soon covers the shavings and is in fact the well-known vinegar-plant. He finds also that when this or any other analogous organism is allowed to act without limitation, whether upon spirit or vinegar or any other liquid of an analogous nature, it goes on still burning them more and

more until they are all reduced to the ordinary products of combustion, those which are given out from common fires; viz., carbonic acid and the vapor of water. The great abundance of moulds and microscopic vegetations in nature is thus happily explained. They are provided by the Creator for burning up decaying organic matter when it is dead, which, if left to spontaneous and merely chemical corruption, would be injurious to the living. Pasteur also shows that these microscopic cellular plants perform on the surface of our planet generally what the blood-globules do in our living systems. They fix and carry oxygen to burn up the effete matter, which, in consequence of the activities and uses of life, is consequently making its appearance in every tissue. In other words, a process the same in nature as respiration in us is constantly going on over the whole surface of the world, at once preventing putrefaction, and providing food for the more highly organized members of the vegetable kingdom, for of such food carbonic acid and common vapor are two of the principal elements.—*Press.*

From The Saturday Review.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.*

IF Lady Mary Wortley Montagu ever coveted notoriety, present or posthumous, she did not add, through any want of it, another to the many instances of the vanity of human wishes. It was accorded to her through life in full measure, nor was it withdrawn at her death. She is still a remarkable person, with a dubious character. Nearly every circumstance in her career savored more or less of eccentricity. Her father—Marquis of Dorchester in 1706, and subsequently Duke of Kingston—was an unlucky combination of Michio and Demea in the same person. He was negligent while her character was forming—he was severe after it had become fixed. Her husband was originally captivated by her beauty, her brilliant conversation, and her social accomplishments; but no sooner had he secured her esteem, and possibly her affections, than he transplanted her into a rural retreat where her gifts were useless, and where a complete housewife would have answered all purposes. Her son, it is to be hoped, was mad—certainly he was about as great a plague as ever afflicted and perplexed parents and guardians. She herself was in early years on intimate terms with the leaders in politics and literature, and among these she contrived to embroil herself with Swift, Pope, and the Walpoles—the hornets of the nest of wits and statesmen. Her pen was sharp, and her tongue even sharper than her pen; and by handing about unprinted satires and epigrams, and by unreserved freedom in conversation with good-natured friends, she turned the envy excited by her talents and learning into that fear which is akin to hatred. Perhaps Lady Mary was the best-abused woman of her own or any age.

To commend her well-known Letters would be to gild gold or to paint the lily. They rank high among British classics; they have survived many revolutions in wit and taste, and more than one crisis in the progress of morals and manners; and they are still attractive by their frankness, good sense, and occasional brilliance. From the

* *The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*. Edited by her Great-Grandson, Lord Wharncliffe. Third Edition, with Additions and Corrections derived from the Original Manuscripts, Illustrative Notes, and a New Memoir by W. Moy Thomas. 2 vols. London: Bohn. 1861.

samples of her verse it is probable that she needed practice only to become a satirist second to Swift and Pope alone. Luckily for the permanence of her reputation, she rarely entered the lists of poetry, since to be second in a kind of composition so ephemeral as satire is to be soon forgotten; whereas so long as familiar letters attract readers or aid the historians of public events or private manners, the correspondence of Lady Mary will survive. Some of the value of that correspondence, however, depends upon her personal character, and the genuineness of the letters; and we shall confine ourselves to these two material questions—how far is the writer to be trusted, and how far are the letters to be accepted as private and unreserved communications, meant or not meant for the public eye?

The portrait of Lady Mary, as drawn by herself and her friends, and the portrait of her as sketched by Pope and Walpole, differ as widely from each other as the Socrates of Plato and the Socrates of the comic poet. They cannot be reconciled. The imputed virtues can never have degenerated into the alleged vices. The Sappho of Pope, the harriidan of Walpole, can have no fellowship with the staid, if not the fond wife of Wortley Montagu, with the careful and tender mother of Lady Bute, with the early friend of Addison, Arbuthnot, and "well-natured Garth," or with tastes and a disposition which would seem to have courted retirement and literature, and avoided what was within her reach, court-favor and public display. Lady Mary's ill-name (and it is a very bad one) springs from two principal sources—the verse of Pope and the prose of Walpole. For the hatred of the latter, as we shall see presently, there was an obvious cause; but it is still a mystery why the extravagant admiration of the former should have turned suddenly into as extravagant aversion.

We must not, indeed, take Pope's compliments for more than they are worth. It was the fashion of his day for men to address their female correspondents in phrases befitting a courtship between Strephon and Phillis, and their own sex in language becoming Damon and Pythias. Neither Phillis nor Pythias, however, regarded such hyperboles as "delations working from the heart," so much as courtesies that well-bred

people expected and repaid. Still there must have been some fire, or there could have been no smoke; and we must believe that for awhile Pope felt some admiration for one whom he addressed in such glowing metaphors as in our prosaic age would be accounted insulting or insane. Pope's correspondence with Lady Mary began shortly before her departure for Constantinople, was at "fever heat" during her sojourn in the East, cooled down after her return to England, and was approaching zero in 1721 and 1722. There were some reasons for abatement of friendship, at least of compliment, but no apparent motive for satirical outrage at that time, or for some years afterwards. When their acquaintance began, Pope was indifferent about politics, and was suspected of Whig tendencies only, perhaps, because he associated and wrote in conjunction with Steele and Addison. By the year 1720, however, he had allied himself with extreme Tories—Swift, Arbuthnot, Oxford, Atterbury, and Bathurst; while Lady Mary and her husband, Whigs by birth and connection, had become Whigs of influence. Accordingly, though Pope and the Wortley Montagus all lived at Twickenham, they had no intercourse there, and Lady Mary never saw that famous grotto which some years later she described as the "Palace of Dulness"—

"placed beneath a muddy road
And such the influence of the dull abode
The carrier's horse above can scarcely drag his
load."

Mr. Moy Thomas, in his "new Memoir," after dismissing various surmises as insufficient to account for the rupture and the virulence on either side, suspects that Lady Mary owed the hatred of the satirist to "her clever parody, accompanied by some prosaic banter, upon his well-known epitaph on the Lovers struck by Lightning." This, even as an impromptu, would have annoyed the touchy bard, and the knowledge that it circulated in manuscript among her ladyship's friends was quite enough to kindle his ready ire:—

"The piquancy of the poem (her most recent biographer observes) could not have failed to attract attention, or the whole matter to come quickly to the ears of Pope. His letter containing the story of the Lovers struck by Lightning, with his epitaph upon

them, was a composition which he appears to have regarded with a peculiar pride, for he addressed copies of it only slightly varied to several of his friends. He was, therefore, little likely to relish the ridicule cast upon his somewhat exaggerated sentiment, or the amusement which the friends of Lady Mary derived from the spectacle of his supposed humiliation. Pope revelled in the vulgar attacks made upon him by small critics and poor poets, and dexterously turned them to the advantage of his own renown. But to be beaten by a woman with his own weapons; to be represented as laughed out of countenance and out of all his fine sentimentalisms and artificial moralizings, in the presence of an audience who enjoyed his discomfiture, was an offence which Pope's sensitive and spiteful nature could not easily forgive."

We must accept this solution of their feud, for we have none better to offer; but it does not content us. It is too slight a cause for such injuries as Lady Mary suffered and retaliated, although to fence with Pope was fully as dangerous as to wake a sleeping wolf or to probe a wasp's nest. We suspect that the parody and the banter were only the later links in a chain of similar if not equal provocations on her ladyship's part. She was not likely to be pleased with his libel on Addison, her old and revered friend. She was evidently hurt by his coolness at Twickenham, "sending a common friend to ask Mr. Pope why he left off visiting me." She had in her writing-desk a copy of a satire on Pope written by the Duke of Wharton. She never scrupled between having her joke and losing her friend. In short, her ladyship had not the admirable gift of silence; and Pope was surrounded by fetchers and carriers of gossip, which lost nothing in its passage. From whatever cause, down came a pitiless storm on Lady Mary's head. "You shall see," she remarked to Spencer, concerning Pope's letters, "what a goddess he makes me in some of them, though he makes such a devil of me in his writings afterwards, without any reason that I know of." We must leave Mr. Moy Thomas to trace the spring-tide of satire, from the Capon's Tale, written by Pope or Swift, or both, and published in their Miscellany, to "the savage attack in his Imitation of Horace," where he fixes on her—his crowning insult—the name of Sappho and all its hideous associations. It may seem a waste of time to dive any further for

the root of this mystery. When fire and tow meet together, there can be only one result. It is, however, material for Lady Mary's character to lift even a corner of the veil. For, if only half of what is alleged against her be fact, then her ladyship must take her place with posterity among the scandals of her sex, among Catherine de Medici's "Ladies of Honor," or De Grammont's heroines, or the Agrippinas and Mes-salinas of Roman story.

Lady Mary did not intend the bulk of her Letters for the public eye; and the Journal from which most of them are extracts was carefully withheld from all readers but those of the innermost circle by Lady Bute, who also, before her death, destroyed it. The Letters, therefore, may justly be impannelled for or against the writer of them, and as justly be illustrated by the comments of her kindred and friends, who were at least as likely to know and tell the truth as either Pope or Walpole. On her own evidence, then, Lady Mary—not writing in self-defence, not appealing from the "Twicken-ham Wasp" to the "candid public," nor careful to anticipate Horace Walpole's censure, and indeed almost culpably indifferent to either good or evil report—must, in our opinion, be pronounced not guilty of the grave charges brought against her, although not clear of the minor offence of provoking by untimely sallies of wit the wrath of two irritable and implacable foes.

Deprived in infancy of a mother's care—educated, so far as regards external appliances, imperfectly, though furnished by her own exertions with both solid learning and elegant literature—thrown by a foolish father from earliest years into the glare of applause and publicity, no scandal fixed itself for the first twenty-five years of her life on the name of Mary Pierrepont. She was blessed with sound health and high animal spirits; she was well-read; she was witty; the moral code of her day was by no means a strict one, as every one who has even glanced at the Memoirs of that time will avouch. How does this lively, learned, and ready-witted young lady comport herself in the hey-day of youth, while experience is unripe, while example for good or evil is most potent, and the voice of admonition least welcome? To St. James's, Ranelagh, the Mall, and the playhouse she prefers her books, the stately

avenues and terraces of West Dean in Wiltshire, and the company or correspondence of a few friends, all of them older than herself. Gilbert Burnet for awhile directed her studies, and Addison afterwards guided her in the choice of authors; but her principal guide, philosopher, and friend in these pursuits was her future husband, Edward Wortley Montagu. Nor was he one of the "curled darlings of the nation," but a staid, exacting, and jealous person, several years her senior, who would not be assured of his pupil's attachment without passing it through the crucible of suspicion. For this grave and reverend but teasing Strephon—who furnished Addison and Steele with hints and drafts of moral essays for the *Tatler* and *Spectator*—Mary Pierrepont, beginning with respect, formed a permanent and cordial attachment; and, after infinite tormenting and testings on his part, she eloped with him to avoid an unwelcome suitor whom her father had chosen for her.

Wortley Montagu, the elder, would seem to have had in his blood some portion of the Mohammedan propensities afterwards exhibited by his son, who, as is well known, turned veritable Turk, greatly to the relief of Christendom. The father, indeed, did not affect a harem, but he secluded his young wife in lonely country houses, where, while he occupied himself with electioneering business, ante-chambers, and other modes of preferment, she displayed all the virtues of a complete housekeeper—checking bailiffs' accounts and butchers' bills, and recording with complacency "her bargains for the hire of kitchen utensils and her arrangements for saving the keep of a horse." When Mr. Wortley was appointed Ambassador to the Porte, thither his wife, now a mother also, accompanied him, in order to spare him the charge of a second establishment, although a journey through countries lately the seat of war between the Turks and Imperialists was a more fatiguing and even formidable undertaking than any of the Ida Pfeiffer's expeditions proved. How she employed her time on this journey appears in the celebrated letters written during the embassy, and published soon after her death in 1763. A habit of living apart, more than any graver cause, led to the final separation of this not perfectly coupled pair. But they continued to respect and correspond with each other; and

on Lady Mary lay the burden of admonishing and checking the devious and disgraceful courses of their son Edward. Fortunately for her, there was a worthier object for her care and affection. Not Marie de Sévigné's love for her daughter is more emphatically inscribed in the Letters than Lady Mary's love for the Countess of Bute.

Whether England and its ways were distasteful to her, or whether she felt the smart of slander, does not clearly appear; but Lady Mary continued to reside abroad for twenty years, and only returned to her own country to die. Abroad she had acquired habits of independence which gave offence at home, and perhaps made more credible some of Pope's epigrams. We can discover no grounds for the profligacy imputed to her; but it might be difficult to defend her from the charge of slovenliness. There is probably fact as well as point in the gibe, "Linen worthy Lady Mary." We suggest, therefore, that as between her ladyship and her principal foe, the case stood pretty nearly thus. She, in the first place, belonged to the Addison and Steele party among the wits, and with them Pope had quarrelled. She and her husband remained stanch Whigs, while he had gone over to the Tories. She had ridiculed the Democritus of Twickenham, and to ridicule others was, in his estimation, the sole and single function of the *Drapier* and himself. She was generally provided with more than one oddity—as, for example, with such a champion of the rights of women as Mrs. Mary Astell—and so presented to the satirical sagittary an inviting mark. Her wit and her verses were too near in merit to those of Pope for him to endure with equanimity a *sister* near the throne; and finally, she was in league with Lord Hervey. Him the *Memoirs of the Court of George II.* prove to have been one whom Pope might perhaps justly fear, but whom he could only affect to despise.

For Walpole's hostility to Lady Mary, we need not beat the bushes. The causes of hatred are patent, and are thus stated by Mr. Moy Thomas:—

"In his judgments upon those who had walked the political stage somewhat earlier than the commencement of his own career, Horace Walpole had frequently but one standard of vice and virtue. The opponents of his father, Sir Robert, rarely found favor in his writings. . . . But Mr. Wortley had rendered himself peculiarly odious to Walpole; and that Lady Mary, though once

friendly with him, had imbibed her husband's spirit, is manifest in allusions to Walpole in her poems, no less than in her fragmentary sketch of the Court of George I. In the latter period of Sir Robert Walpole's career, this antagonism was still more conspicuous. The few of Mr. Wortley's speeches delivered at this period which have been preserved, are all attacks upon Sir Robert; but it was in the hour of Walpole's disgrace, when an insult would be more keenly felt than ever, and when young Horace, just entered upon the scene, found his father's popularity and influence at an end, that Mr. Wortley assailed the falling minister in an invective which could never have been forgiven. The occasion was Mr. Sandy's motion for the removal of Walpole, and Mr. Wortley concluded his speech by moving 'that while this question is debated, Sir Robert Walpole be ordered to withdraw;' one of the objects of this, which he urged, being 'to suppress that awe which may be raised in part of this assembly by a powerful offender, whose looks may upbraid some with the benefits which they have formerly received from him, and whose eyes may dart menaces upon those who are dependent on his favor.'

Henceforward shall the name of Montagu be anathema maranatha in Arlington Street and at Twickenham.

We have left ourselves no space for examining the question whether these celebrated letters are letters in the usual sense of the word, or, in many circumstances, transcripts from voluminous and carefully kept journals, adapted to the tastes and circumstances of Lady Mary's several correspondents. In this respect, as in so much else pertaining to her, there is a mystery; but the doubt is immaterial, though such a practice may detract somewhat from the freshness of epistolary communication. The letters, as we possess them, are so good that it is akin to the sins of unreasonable murmuring to wish them better.

Mr. Moy Thomas deserves great credit for his editorial pains. He has performed what his predecessors strangely neglected—the duty of collating the printed copies of the correspondence with the original letters wherever the latter could be obtained. His "New Memoir" is a temperate defence of one who was grossly calumniated; and though he does not attempt to vindicate the indiscretions of Lady Mary, he proves at least that to have nettled Pope and to have been among Sir Robert Walpole's opponents, even by marriage, were, of her many misfortunes, perhaps the most injurious to herself.

From The Spectator.

THE ROMANCE OF FRENCH CALVINISM.*

GOETHE has remarked that few people start in life with such high advantages of training as cultivated French Calvinists. Taking his remark to mean persons who have been educated out of sectarian narrowness, while they have not overgrown the first principles of their faith, it may cordially be accepted. The powers of reserve and self-reliance which Puritan family life tends to develop, are nowhere less likely to degenerate into formalism and austerity than among a vivacious and highly impressible people. The sunshine of the Tuileries seems to alternate with the shadows of Sinai. Again, we are inclined to regard it as a great advantage that French Protestants are a mere minority in their own country struggling for protection and recognition. At the risk of being a little less national they are more cosmopolitan, and cannot help regarding *la perfide Albion* as the ark of the true faith. Moreover, religion itself gains where its divisions are as broad as the whole compass of Italian and German thought. To an educated foreigner, papers like the *Record* or the *English Churchman* are simply inexplicable; their topics of interest seem about as important, in a spiritual sense, as the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee; and the guardians of Christ's Church appear to be doing battle for the color of an altar-cloth, while the worshippers are silently stealing away. Let him turn to a religious novel, and he finds himself in a new and very small world, furnished with lecterns and faldstools, peopled with governesses and prigs, occupied with rubrics and religious millinery, and believing that Christ died to make all men Anglicans. The contrast between Mr. Gresley's or Miss Sewell's books and those of Madame de Gasparin is a little humbling to our national self-love. The Frenchwoman has evidently lived in a world where the questions at issue were not the merits of rival sects, but its whole relations of Christianity to human nature and history. Why we are born and live, why it is a great and beautiful thing to believe, whether we shall carry our thoughts and loves into the world beyond the grave, are the topics that underlie her narratives and discussions.

* *Les Horizons Prochains, les Horizons Célestes, et Vesper.* Par Madame de Gasparin. D. Nutt.

Born a poet, and evidently endowed with powers that would be rare in any country, she has happily adopted M. Michelet's paradox, that the true poets of France are its prose writers. In other countries a poet may draw upon a reserve of language and image, which would be inappropriate in prose-writing; in France the term and the thing "poetical license" are unknown; rhyme only weights the runner. Idyls of country and home life, the philosophy of her faith expressed in pictures, reason tried by a life's experience and by the heart of a very noble woman, make up the three little volumes that have lately startled French society from its quiet contempt for Protestantism. Praise of Mr. Mill in the *Record*, unless he were Premier and had bishoprics in his gift, would scarcely be more wonderful than the *Revue des Deux Mondes* admiring tales for young people by a Calvinist lady.

One or two instances will suffice to show the general tone and scope of Madame de Gasparin's writings. The first story in the *Near Horizons*, is entitled "Lisette's Dream." Lisette is the old wife of a farmer of the Jura, who has grown up among the occupations of the dairy and the kitchen, without newspapers, and, virtually, with no literature except the Bible. "The revolution of '89 she remembered it not overmuch; its terrible echoes had but beat feebly against the strong wall of the Jura with its solid courses. All this riot that is let loose in France, the days of July, and so many other glorious ones, the cannonades of the risings, and the shouts for the Republic, and the acclamations that welcomed the Empire, all died away upon the moss of the woods, among the leaves of the beeches. The whistlings of the wind which sweeps through the firs have a louder voice, a never-dying moan, which rise above all others. Higher than the glorious country she dwelt in, beyond the limits of actual life, a world lay open before Lisette. It had unfolded itself from her earliest years. It was the Hebrew world. There the caravans of camels, with the Ishmaelite merchants, passed through the desert; there Hagar wept under the palm-tree; there the transparent waves of the Red Sea piled themselves up in two walls; there more golden sheaves, silkier ears, quivered in the fields of Bethlehem un-

der a softer breeze which had wooed the flowers of the pomegranate. Then it was Sinai smoking; it was Moses, his face shining with a strange brightness, breaking the tables of the law before the frantic people as they danced." But a woman whose vision is thus fixed upon the unsubstantial memories of the past is not likely to be careless of the future; and precisely because Lisette is ignorant of the world, "the great problem of eternity remains unchangingly before her, one side lighted up by faith, the other darkened by doubt." At last she is troubled by a dream. She seems to be walking on the grass by the side of a dusty road on which rich and poor are going forward, like the crowd of a market-day. She cannot explain to herself the secret of her haste or the end of her journey. Near her is a rugged mountain-path, the course of a torrent, in which two or three wayfarers are sadly picking their steps among the stones and bushes. They seem to look wistfully towards Lisette, yet not enviously, but as if pitying her and desiring her companionship; she tries to join them, but the stones slip under her feet; she stumbles and is disheartened. She returns to the old track with a weight on her heart. Presently, she seems to understand that they are all travelling towards death. She looks round and finds that the crowd has disappeared, that the mountain-course is no longer visible, that she is alone on a trackless expanse of turf, with a great square house before her, its walls of gold glittering like the midday sun, and the red light of the west streaming through its crystal windows upon the turf. At one of these windows, an old woman, gray-haired, dressed in black silk, with a mild yet stern expression, is sitting and spinning. Lisette approaches and cries out to her. "You have deceived yourself," is the answer; "you have not taken the right road; you cannot enter in, my daughter." She resumes her knitting, and Lisette seems, in her dream, to fall as one dead. Neither can she shake off the impression when she awakes: "the abject fear of the slave palsies her heart." Madame de Gasparin does not attempt to argue with her, but she reminds her of the day when three men hung together upon the cross, and when Jesus declared God's pardon to the penitent thief. "That thief entered in, Lisette. What road, then, had

he taken?" Lisette was silent, collecting herself; a divine light rolled away the shadows upon her brow. "Neither the wide road nor the terrible mountain-course; is it not so, Lisette?" Lisette looked at me, her beautiful black eyes kindled, the soft and subtle smile played upon her lips. "He believed," she said. That day we talked no more philosophy."

Those who analyze this story will find it difficult to believe that any part of it is invention. In the quaint mixture of sublime and homely illustration, the pilgrimage along the broad and narrow path, the irresistible fate that urges the wayfarers, and the palace four-square like the city of the New Jerusalem, while all along heaven is conceived as a great house, and its guardian as an old woman, it recalls more than anything the old Norse legends which grew up in the fusing time of paganism and Christianity. Here, naturally, the Christian conception predominates, and there is nothing grotesque in the idea that underlies the story. From the thought of God's infinite mercy to the soul, Madame de Gasparin sometimes passes to the artistic view of Christianity, as the one beautiful and pure element in coarse and ignoble lives. In the story of "A Poor Boy" she describes with exquisite yet tender humor the awkward and dull boy of the village, half-witted, except that he can work and keep from falling into the fire, the butt of his schoolfellows, despised and loathed by his father, who thinks him a discredit to the family; in the days of his health dragged into mischief by his comrades for the mere pleasure of exposing him; later on, cuffed and worked hard, cowering for hours in the corner when he is at home; and at last slowly dying under ill-usage and hard living. Yet that boy having taken the Bible on faith, as he has taken all other knowledge from his mother, believes in Christ, not as an abstraction, but as a friend, as one who has borne hunger and insult, who has touched the leper, who is his brother as well as his God, with whom he does not feel awkward. So skilful are the touches, that we get to identify the human element in Ulysses with the germ of religious ideality. In another story—that of "The Sculptor"—a starving man of genius is married to a vulgar and affected woman, "playing comedy in earnest." "She talked about Provi-

dence, about the Supreme Being; she was rich in pious twaddle. He coughed, looked at me, and turned away." He is silent throughout on religious matters, but we feel instinctively that the reserved gentleman, absorbed in moulding plaster, is the true exemplar of Christianity, and has higher moral experiences than his garrulous vulgar wife.

In one part of *Vesper*, Madame de Gasparin rises above the level of common life to parable. The story of "Emmanuel" is an answer to Mr. Hawthorne's "Goodman Brown," written, as Madame de Gasparin bitterly puts it, "to establish the universal reign of Satan," as if life were in very earnest a witches' carnival, with Satan swaying the hearts of those who seem noblest and purest. In "Emmanuel," a drunken degraded man is leaving his home in despair; his wife, seduced by a disloyal friend, taunts him from the window, and bids him kill himself if he dare. He staggers down the streets, and is about to plunge headlong into the muddy waters of the Seine, when he feels himself held back by an arm stronger than his own. He is led away, and gradually the wild whirl of his thoughts is quieted, and scenes too real to be dreams pass before him. He seems to have left the street, to be travelling through a new country, hill and valley, with a starry heaven overhead. The prayers he has prayed at his mother's knee throng upon him, pleasant faces of his childhood re-appear, the Bible he has thumbed and read as a boy opens again before his eyes. Gradually the false friends of his manhood come on the scene. But all their surroundings are changed. The sceptic, whose pitiless scoffs undermined his faith, is kneeling and praying the prayer of the publican. His wife—now she seems to come towards him, but she disappears again. Is there no mercy for her? His guide bids him wait. A young girl passes; the daughter whom Victor allowed to grow up among brutal men and loose words, appears modest and reserved, holding on her arm her mother's aged father, once a hoary buffoon, and now in all the tranquil dignity of old age. But his wife? Victor no longer thinks of her with passion or bitterness, but her name is graven on his heart ineffaceably. Suddenly he seems to be on the shores of the sea. An emigrant ship in the distance is tossing,

a helpless wreck, upon the waves. Here sailors are blaspheming; now a boat puts off, and his wife's seducer are among the rescued, and leaves his victim to her fate; there a missionary is announcing God's promises to the last congregation he will exhort. Deserted, infamous, miserable, the woman turns to him who saved the Magdalene; the words of pardon seem to burn within her, "tears flow over her cheeks. Jesus, Jesus! A flame, a beauty, a smile light up her face." A cry of joy rises above the waves, as the ship suddenly settles down. Victor's heart seems to break. But there is still something left for him; one whom he must forgive, and see forgiven. The next scene is in the backwoods of America, where an angry crowd is about to lynch the seducer, Martial, for new crimes. Victor hurries to his side and urges him to repent. The miserable man shrinks away in shame and despair when Victor's guide approaches, and shows him the pale face and bleeding hands that were seen on Calvary. The man's heart heaves with a sob of penitence. Thus the life has found its completion; good has triumphed finally over evil; and the shining shores of heaven with its white-robed people holding palm-branches open before the dreamer's eye. He is one of the heavenly company.

Great as the beauty of this last story is, there is too much suddenness in some of the changes, to be quite natural or satisfactory. We are apt to distrust the pleas for mercy that are raised "between the saddle and the ground." But the faith that looks upon love as the one true and abiding power, the universal law in which death is swallowed up, has a logic of its own which we cannot question. Nor does Madame de Gasparin, in fact, hold that the present life is without influence upon the future, or that we shall not carry our acts and words with us into eternity. Two of her most beautiful chapters in the *Heavenly Horizons* are on the "Terrible Paradise" and on "Personal Identity." She protests against the conception that there are "two worlds altogether different, two peoples absolutely strange to one another," or that heaven is to be peopled with rows of zeros. "Dazzling as you may make the Void, if it is always the Void there is an end of personality—where individual life is extinguished and absorbed. I see

nothing but an abyss. Did I fathom it for ages, I should ascend again in the same luminous column, forever lost in it." She analyzes with exquisite scorn the paradise of painters, "a liquid blue gradually lighting up," and peopled with "glorified figures attitudinizing on a pair of wings;" everywhere "the same look, the same smile, the same lips half-opened in the same ecstasy." She is not dazzled by Dante's magnificent style to admire the spheres that circle in a serene atmosphere, and the companies of the blest wheeling round in a holy transport and chanting praise. She asks if "the distant gleam of this glory can dry our tears on earth." As a matter of justice she cannot understand the reward of a future life when there is no person to be rewarded. Stronger still on questions of the heart, she asks what heaven can give her if it cannot give back her memories. "I have seen a father depart; I am to find a nameless being in his place. All my life has been blended with the life of a friend; nothing of our old fondness is to remain. I shall take my place as a stranger by the side of strangers." "I

alone, known only to myself and God, remain erect among the ruins of the world. The idea is immoral and mad—as the loss of identity, as the loss of memory. In fine, this is only the old empirical method: fire and the sword. Let us hew down, let us burn, let us destroy: it is more easy to govern desolation than life." From our point of view it is only weakening arguments like these when Madame de Gasparin proceeds to prove from the Bible that Moses and Elias were recognized at the transfiguration, or that the saints who came out of the graves after the resurrection and went into the holy city, had preserved the semblance of their former selves. But little points of detail do not affect her final conclusion, that "the river of Lethe does not water the Christian Paradise." Only the weaknesses, the degradation, and the sins of our past life shall not rise again with us. It is one of the strangest and grandest features in this "Divina Commedia" of a Calvinistic poet, that Hell is nowhere denied, nowhere asserted, and nowhere seen.

MEN KISSING EACH OTHER IN THE STREETS.

—In turning over the leaves of the 3d volume of my Diary, I find the following extract from Evelyn's *Diary and Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 43. In his letter to Mrs. Owen he informs her:—

"Sir J. Shaw did us the honor of a visit on Thursday last, when it was not my hap to be at home, for which I was very sorry. I met him since casually in London, and kissed him there unfeignedly."

Was the practice of men kissing each other in the streets prevalent in England in 1680?

Larchfield, Darlington.

—Notes and Queries.

DWELLING NEAR THE ROSE. — Whence comes the passage frequently quoted, to the effect that the speaker, although "not the rose, has lived beside the rose"?

There is an expression resembling it in the *Mocaddamah*, or introduction to the *Gulistan of Sadi*; where, alluding to the patronage which the poet had received from the sovereign, he illustrates its influence on his verses by the incident of his having been handed in the bath a piece of scented clay, which he thus apostrophized: "Art thou ambergris or musk, for I am charmed with thy grateful odor?" and it re-

plied, "I was a worthless piece of clay, but for awhile associated with the rose; thence I partook of the sweetness of my companion, but otherwise I am the vile earth I seem."

There is a somewhat similar sentence in the 47th Apologue of the 11th chapter, where the grass, with which a bouquet of roses had been tied, is made to say, "Though I have not the loveliness of the rose, am I not grass from the garden where it grew!" But neither of these passages is quite parallel with the verse so often alluded to.

J. E. T.

—Notes and Queries.

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.—

"I love it, I love it; the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out in the air with its innocent gush,
Like the thrill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush,
Floating up in the breeze like the tones of a bell,

Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell;
Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me."

Some years ago I copied the above from a lady's album; but whether or not there were more stanzas, I cannot say.—Notes and Queries.

From the Saturday Review.

THE HISTORY OF THE DANCE.*

THERE is no art so fallen from its high estate as that of dancing. A formal history of it seems now-a-days almost a curiosity of literature, to be compared only to a History of Pitch and Toss, or a Treatise on Aunt Sally. It is difficult to imagine that the uncomfortable struggle with overpowering numbers, in which the frequenters of London balls spend their evenings, is the representative of an art which boasts of an ancient pedigree and many renowned professors. M. Czerwinski details, with all the ardor which belongs to the stanch votary of a decaying cause, the former glories of his now neglected study; and many might be added to those that he has collected. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Epaminondas*, were distinguished dancers in their day. *Socrates* and *Plato* not only danced themselves, but applied very unpolite language to those who were too ignorant to follow their example. The instances of *David* and the daughter of *Herodias* show the influence the art had among the Jews. Nor did it lose its favor with the early Christians, among whom so much of Jewish thought and feeling survived. *Gregory Thaumaturgus* introduced it into divine service. *St. Basil* strongly recommends the art to his hearers, telling them that it will be their principal occupation in heaven, and therefore they had better practise it betimes on earth. *Scaliger* even deduces from the custom of employing it in divine service the name of *presules*, which was given to the bishops—deriving it a *presiliendo*, from the fact of their “skipping first,” or being foremost in the dance at the head of their clergy. It is a thousand pities that this edifying practice of the Primitive Church has been discontinued in our degenerate day. That peculiar moral malady which may best be described as “white-cravatism,” and which commits such fearful ravages among our more dignified clergy, would be an impossibility if the bishops were bound in virtue of their office to skip round their cathedrals, footing it at the head of a well-trained *corps de ballet* of rural deans. The only instance of a similar performance on the part of great ecclesiastical dignitaries in modern times is furnished

* *Geschichte der Tanzkunst*. Von Albert Czerwinski. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

by the anecdote recorded, on the apocryphal authority of *Bourgoing*, of the trial of the fandango before the Roman consistory. It was resolved that this seductive dance was a disgrace to so religious a land as Spain, and must be prohibited to the faithful. The consistory was assembled; the excommunication was drawn up; the solemn sanction was on the point of being appended which was to have sent every fandango dancer to the cells of the Inquisition, when one of the cardinals suggested that no one ought to be condemned unheard, and that, before the excommunication was launched, the cardinals ought to witness for themselves that which they were going to condemn. The suggestion appeared sound, and a couple of skilful Spanish dancers were sent for to perform in the sacred presence. The dancers came, and began their performance. But the austerity of the assembled divines was not proof against the charms of the exhibition which they had met to proscribe. As its successive fascinations were unfolded, their ascetic countenances lightened up, they rose mechanically from their seats, their limbs involuntarily obeyed the spell of the music, and before many minutes were over the whole consistory were personally attesting the merits of the fandango. Such is *Bourgoing's* story. It must be confessed that the cardinals must have been very impressible, if they were so much enchanted with the amusement of dancing the fandango with each other. Whether that famous measure would have attained its marvellous popularity if the part the young lady bears in it had always been enacted by an old priest, the sceptic may be permitted to doubt. But grave laymen of modern times, though they may not have been exactly convicted of dancing the fandango, have not disdained the art that now lies so low. *Sir John Davies* wrote a very long poem in its favor, not destitute of grace, and full of quaint Elizabethan conceits. Considering the very edifying tendency of the rest of *Sir John Davies' poetry*, his metrical approval may be taken to be almost as good a testimonial as if it had occurred in a sermon. The story is an old one how *Sir Christopher Hatton* attained, literally in one jump, the dignity to which *Lord Westbury* has had to labor through a long and laborious career, less pleasant though not less mazy. *Locke*

advised that every child should be taught to dance as an indispensable part of education. Sully was a great dancer himself, and Richelieu used to pay his court to Anne of Austria by performing a saraband before her in a jester's dress of green velvet, with bells on his feet and castanets in his hand. If any or all of these worthies could revisit the earth, how little would they recognize as dancing the ungainly shuffle which is the lineal representative of their stately gambadoes! It is melancholy that such a long line of illustrious sanctions should have descended to so degenerate an heir. It is possible that, for the sake of keeping their places, Sully or Richelieu would have consented to hold on by a young lady's waist and perform a teetotum movement upon their own axis, enveloped in the folds of her superfluous tarlatan—which is the modern form of the exercise in which they excelled; for the movement is one with which politicians are familiar. It is possible too that the College of Cardinals might have preferred it to the austere delights of their unisexual fandango. But we may safely assume that St. John the Baptist would have lived to a respected old age, if Herodias' daughter had had nothing more graceful wherewith to entertain her step-father's guests; and that St. Basil would never have deterred his congregation from the paths of virtue by holding up to them an eternity of such an exercise as their reward. In fact, if Dante had lived to enjoy our experience of new varieties of human misery, doing teetotum forever in a hot room would have furnished a suitable circle in the Inferno for fashionable sinners.

The historical sketch given by M. Czerwinski of the various fortunes of dancing in different nations gives a tolerably clear view of the causes of the decline and fall of the art. Two natural tendencies have conducted to form the passion for dancing which has existed in almost every known race. One is the superabundance of animal spirits which, in healthy, hot-blooded people, is apt to find its vent in superfluous agility, and of course is all the more powerful under the excitement of music. This is the lower and more animal instinct, which savages, and to a certain extent even brutes, share with civilized men. But among the cultivated nations of antiquity there was a more noble in-

centive, which not only made the dance popular, but brought it into the esteem of grave and learned sages. This was the love of pantomimic representation. It belonged to the same class of mental impulses as the passion for symbolism, and for representation in all its forms, dramatic and artistic, which has characterized every race that has emerged in ever so slight a degree from barbarism, but which appears to wear off in the later stages of civilization. The dances of the ancient world took their character from this taste. They were far from being a mere display of muscle, like a modern reel or country dance. They generally represented something. They embodied a thought—not merely a desire to kick. Some were religious, some martial, some comic, some erotic, some mythological. But the character of these ancient dances has disappeared, and a new ingredient has made its appearance in our modern dances which has swallowed all the others up. The pantomimic element has absolutely vanished. The martial symbolism disappeared first, the religious next—leaving the Corpus Christi dances in the Cathedral of Seville as its solitary relic; and the erotic, which held its ground very obstinately for a long time to the great detriment of morality, has also at last given way.

Our dances now represent nothing. If the quadrille be analyzed scientifically, some faint reminiscence of an erotic meaning may be traced. But it is a dead form. No one who dances it is in the least degree conscious why he shuffles his feet one way at one time and another way at another time—if indeed he does not content himself with a promiscuous shuffling which is directed no way in particular. On the other hand, the modern dances contain an element which was conspicuous from its absence in the ancient dances. What Mr. Spurgeon would term "promiscuous" dancing, which is the very essence of the modern exercise, was wholly wanting, or only accidentally present, in the ancient. In other words, dancing was not practised, as now, chiefly for the gratification of the impulse which, to use the most presentable term, we must call the "flirting" impulse. As a mere matter of æsthetics, it suited the *spectacle* better to keep the sexes apart. Even the erotic dancing, of which there was abundance, did not neces-

sitate dancing, by pairs—as the nautch-girls in India remain to show. But it is, no doubt, from this class of pantomimic dances that the modern flirt-dance descends. As the æsthetic element weakened, the natural impulse regained its predominance; and the dances which were originally only representative of love-making, lost their dramatic character, and became the thing itself. Wherever the taste for dancing has taken the form of dancing by partners, the element of the flirt-dance has made its way. For a long time this natural tendency was checked by the forms of a ceremonial age. The keenest taste for flirting could not find much to satisfy its appetite in a minuet. At least the dose was homœopathic compared to that which is administered by a waltz. But now, in our time, all the higher elements of the dance have passed away. Both the pantomime and the ceremonial have absolutely disappeared. Nothing artistic, nothing graceful, nothing suggestive is left. Nothing remains but the two motives of lowest origin, the love of kicking, and the love of flirting. The exercise has no longer the slightest claim to the “manliness” and “perfect graceful carriage which recommended it in Locke’s eyes, or to the “comely order and proportion fair” which Sir John Davies celebrates in such enthusiastic stanzas. A modern quadrille or waltz savors more of the spectacle he represents the dance to have been devised to correct:—

“A rude disordered rout he did espy
Of men and women that most spitefully
Did one another throng and crowd so sore
That his kind eye in pity wept therefore.”

At the same time there is compensation in every evil. The Anglo-Saxon race is a lazy race except in matters of business, with much of the Dutchman’s combination of diligence and phlegm. The prolixities of courtship—which to a mediæval Troubadour or Minnesinger were in themselves an enjoyment—are a trial to the practical young men of the present day. If they try to win a fair one’s heart with their tongues, they are often, like Rosalind’s lover, “gravelled for lack of matter.” A short and easy method of making love, decorous and yet effectual, is indeed a godsend to them. The dance places all suitors on a level. Talking is a gift denied to many elder sons; but the languid gymnastics of the ball-room are within the reach of the meanest understanding. If conversation runs dry, it is always easy to squeeze. Besides, the interests of the dowagers, one of the most suffering classes in the community, must be remembered. How could horses be got rid of if there were no fairs? or daughters if there were no balls? If the dance, therefore, has lost all that once rendered it worthy of a Muse’s guardianship, we must at least concede that it has acquired a commercial value which it never enjoyed in the earlier ages of the world.

ITALIAN PROVERBS.—I shall feel obliged if any of your readers will explain the allusions to local or national peculiarities referred to in the following proverbs:—

1. “All’ amico mondagli il fico,
All’ inimico il persico.”
2. “A Lucca ti vidi, a Pisa ti conobbi.”
3. “Egli ha fatto come quel Perugino, che subito che gli fa rotto il capo, corse a casa per la celata.”
4. “Più pazzi che quei da Zago, che davan del letame al campanile perchè crescesse.”

And the probable date of this one:—

5. “L’ Inglese italianizzato
Un diavolo incarnato.”

With regard to proverb 1, I can suggest two explanations:—

1. In Italy the fig is considered the most wholesome and the peach the most unwholesome fruit.

But, *quære*, is this the fact? or

2. It is easy enough to peel a peach, but very difficult to perform the same operation on a fig.

And perhaps proverb 2 may have some connection with a story that is told by Horace Walpole, of a person recognizing in London an acquaintance which he had made in Bath, much to the other’s disgust:—

“‘Why, my lord,’ said he, ‘you know me in Bath.’

“‘Possibly in Bath I might know you again,’ replied his lordship.”

But was Pisa so deserted at the birth of this proverb as now? LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

Audit Office.

—Notes and Queries.

From The Examiner.

Domestic Life in Palestine. By Mary Eliza Rogers. Bell and Daldy.
Travels in the Holy Land. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. Bell and Daldy.

DURING the last half-century countless books have been written descriptive of the sunlit scenery and world-famous cities of the East, and of the external life of those picturesquely habited races who have changed so little since the era of the Crusades. The subject, however, is one which is always to a certain extent fresh, for the people of the West must always feel a lively interest in the land whence their religion and a great part of their learning is derived, and of which the political destiny has been for some time one of the most perplexing questions for international diplomacy. Oriental travellers may be roughly divided into two great classes; viz., the enthusiasts who go to muse over the glories of the past, and who leave out of sight as much as possible the vulgar realities and petty disagreeables which they encounter on the way; and the sneerers, who pride themselves on their freedom from all illusion, finding in Palestine nothing beyond dirt and fleas, and comparing the gardens of the Serail and the minarets of Stamboul to "Vauxhall by daylight." Lamartine journeying *en grand seigneur*, and keeping aloof from debasing squabbles with guides and dragomen, is the type of the poetical and devotional wanderer, and it is to be presumed that he was successful in the pursuit of his bright ideal, since he tells us that "he went to the East a man of the world, and returned a philosopher." It is needless to particularize any of the tribe of *blasé* or smart English tourists who in a more or less amusing manner have tried to convince the public that what Mr. Disraeli calls the "great Asian mystery" is, after all, "a sham;" that Arabs and camels are neither interesting nor fragrant when approached too closely, and that Jerusalem itself is most lovely when contemplated with the mind's eye only at a safe distance of one or two thousand miles. Miss Rogers belongs to the first-named order of wanderers, and while scrutinizing with no ordinary power of observation the minutest details of every-day life, looks upon the Holy Land with a sentiment of reverent affection which will meet with a response in the hearts

of the majority of her readers. Her book possesses the great merit of being not the work of a mere winter-tourist hurrying over the ground with an imperfect acquaintance with the language of the inhabitants, but of one who has resided and felt at home amongst the scenes described, and who has enjoyed the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with the inner life of the tent and the harem. She carefully refrains from enlarging on topics already familiar to the Western World, and judiciously refers us to the guide-books or the writings of well-known authors for descriptions of the more noted towns and landscapes. She gives a charming picture of the domestic life to which she was introduced on her arrival at Jerusalem, conducts us to the studio of Mr. Holman Hunt on Mount Zion, and makes us interested in the animal used by that artist as a model while finishing his wonderful picture of the Scapegoat. We are glad to learn that it—more fortunate than two others of its species—survived the severe ordeal of hunger and thirst which it underwent in the cause of art, and that it now enjoys peace and plenty as the playfellow of the children of the Anglican Bishop. The vigorous efforts made by Mr. Meshullam, an Italian Jew under British protection, to rescue the gardens of Solomon from the condition of wilderness to which they have been reduced by the neglect of ages, are related, to show that in the hands of energetic cultivators, and with better protection to life and property than is general at present, Judea might again become a land of fertility and abundance. Proceeding northward to Haifa, where her brother was at that time H.B.M. Consul, Miss Rogers touches lightly on the superstitious customs and observances of the various religious sects that divide Syria, and gives us an idea of the difficulties wherewith a conscientious ecclesiastic has to contend in dealing with the peccadilloes of the female portion of his flock:—

"The Greek Catholic Church vainly pronounces anathemas, and threatens with excommunication those women who tattoo themselves, and use kohl, and henna, and rouge; they will persist in it while they believe it adds to their beauty, and to their powers of attraction, and in vain the noisy processions at weddings and at burials are forbidden, so long as the people believe them

to be propitious. Their respect for custom is stronger even than their fear of the Church, and if the priests persisted in carrying out their threats of excommunication for such offences, their congregations would soon be scattered; so they are lenient, and thus Greek and Roman forms of Christianity are blended insensibly with ceremonies and practices so ancient that their origin even is unknown.

"This is not the only difficulty which the priests find to contend with in the pastoral care of Arab women.

"In 1859, a number of black silk mittens were sold in Haifa by a peddler from Beirût. They were a novelty to the Arab women, who were quite proud of this addition to their toilette, and displayed their mittened hands delightfully in church. The priest of the Greek Catholic community actually denounced them from the altar, forbidding the adoption of gloves, mittens, or any new and expensive luxury in their dress, and cautioned them also against exposing any part of their ornamental headdresses in church!

"I had a very interesting conversation a few days afterwards with the utterer of this denunciation, and he explained to me his reason for this seemingly strange interference about the mittens. He said he considered it very important to check, if possible, the inroad of Frank taste among the Arab women; for if they were to adopt the Frank dress, which requires many changes of apparel, and alters its fashions frequently, a *trosseau* would be so expensive that young men would not be able to marry, and early unions, which are so desirable in the East, would be prevented. The costly articles of a genuine Arab wardrobe last a lifetime, and are heirlooms, whereas the gala dresses of a Frank wardrobe must be renewed every year. This priest spoke feelingly, for he was an Arab, a husband, and the father of a large family of girls. It is quite clear that in matters of fashion and custom the priests have very little influence; but in towns where the Arabs have much intercourse with Europeans, they gradually adopt some of their manners, and imitate their costumes, by degrees abandoning their own."

In a series of pleasant *réunions* at the consular mansion, a *viva voce* translation of *Jane Eyre* is made for the benefit of a few Moslem friends, and Miss Rogers gradually opens the delicate question of the social position of women in the East, and asks whether any law exists forbidding men to converse with the wives and daughters of their neighbors.

"They seemed to be taken by surprise, but

they clearly explained and proved to me that there is no law of the kind, and it is the law of custom only which immures the women in their harems. Mohammed Bek said that their women are now quite unfitted for society, and would not know how to conduct themselves in the presence of strangers. 'If we gave them liberty, they would not know how to use it. Their heads are made of wood. They are not like you. When you speak, we no longer remember that you are a girl; we think we are listening to a sheik. To live in the world knowledge and wisdom are necessary. Our wives and daughters have neither wisdom nor knowledge. Give them wisdom, and we will give them liberty.'

"Satisfied on this point, I continued to see them, and I never had reason to regret it. I think I gave them some new ideas on the capabilities and capacities of women, which may in time be turned to account."

Some curious details are given with regard to the mysterious "*sahiri*," or professional treasure-seekers of Palestine, whose practices appear to resemble closely those of the *clairvoyants* of Europe and America.

"They select certain sensitive individuals, who are believed to have the power of seeing objects concealed in the earth, or elsewhere; but the faculty is only active when roused by the influence of necromantic ceremonies, which are understood by the professional treasure-seeker. He properly prepares the medium, and calls into full activity the visionary power; then, in obedience to his command, the hiding-places of treasures are said to be minutely described. On being restored to the normal state, the medium does not remember any of the revelations which may have been made. The practice of this art is considered 'haram,' i.e., *unlawful*, and is carried on secretly and not extensively. Those people of whom I made inquiries on the subject spoke with fear and trembling, and mysteriously whispered their explanations."

The present condition of society in the Galileean town where Christ passed his early years, and of which the inhabitants, according to the report of the Turkish governor, are now so "proud and daring" that it is impossible to control them, is thus described:—

"I went to Nazareth several times, and visited many of the Christian women in their homes. I found, generally, a great want of order and cleanliness among them. They are very proud of their town, and are constantly invoking 'El Sit Miriam'—*the Lady Mary*. Their faith in, and reverence for, relics is

unbounded; in all their rooms I saw holy pictures, little images, and small crystals or glass cases of fragments of bones and rags. Rings are constantly worn as charms.

"I asked a little child, who had once visited Hâifa, whether she preferred Hâifa and the beautiful sea, or Nâsirah. She answered directly, 'Hâifa is not a holy place; but this town is holy: our Lady Mary lived here, and Christ, and Joseph.' But although Nazareth is reckoned a holy place, it is by no means remarkable for its morality; and in this respect it strikingly contrasts with Bethlehem, where the fathers and husbands are said to be severe and rigid disciplinarians, and where dishonor is punished with certain death. Nazareth had not a very good reputation in the time of Christ, and it does not appear to have improved."

Miss Rogers does not confine her attention to the domestic life of Syria, but gives us the result of her conversations with several of the most intelligent and patriotic of its people, who mourn over the hopeless corruption and mal-administration of the Turkish rulers. Under the present system of irregular taxation the natives are afraid to cultivate the soil to a greater extent than their immediate necessities demand, lest they should excite the cupidity of the Pasha or his subordinates, who are equally dishonest towards the poor of their districts and the central authority at Constantinople. The natural resources of the country are shown to be such that law and order only are required to transform it into one of the richest and most productive on earth, and an explanation which we have never seen before is given to account for the inferior quality of the cotton exported from the shores of the Levant.

"The Arabs do not cultivate the long staple cotton (which is most valued in England), because it requires so much care in picking; for the pods must be gathered as soon as they ripen, and as they do not ripen all at once, the harvest necessarily extends over two or three weeks; whereas the short staple cotton gives the cultivator very little trouble, for the pods are not injured by being left on the tree after they are ripe, and the harvest does not commence till nearly every pod is ready for picking, the consequence is that it is very soon over. This inferior cotton does very well for native use, and to fill the Arab mattresses, and lehaffs or quilts; but it is not of much commercial value."

Bedouin life, the same now as it was in

the days of the patriarchs, is graphically and picturesquely described by our adventurous countrywoman, who makes the acquaintance of the children of the tent in the course of a journey from Hâifa to Jerusalem.

"When we had rounded the next hill, we saw a number of square black tents, high up among the rocks and trees on the opposite side of the valley. We crossed the deep and stony river-bed, and scrambled up the pathless hill-side, over rocks and tangled brushwood. A group of Bedouins, in their large, heavy, white and brown cloaks, and red and yellow fringed shawl headdresses, came leaping down to meet us, and to guide and welcome us to their encampment, in the midst of which we dismounted. There were fifteen tents altogether. We were led towards the sheik's tent, which, like all the rest, was formed of very coarse black and brown '*curtains of goats' hair*,' supported by slender trunks of trees and strong reeds from the banks of the Jordan. A rude palisading, of interwoven branches, divided the tent into two parts: in the lesser compartment some kids and lambs were guarded; and a group of women hastily retired from the other part, that it might be prepared for us. A little, half-naked, bronzed Bedouin boy swept the floor of earth with the leafy branches of a 'box' tree; and a weather-beaten old woman, in tattered garments, but with large silver bracelets on her shrivelled arms, came forward and spread a rug or carpet for us. It was made of very coarse wool, and looked something like crotchet-work, or close knitting, and was evidently of Bedouin manufacture. We were soon seated on it; and the sheik and a number of men, smoking long pipes, took their seats opposite to us, in a half-circle on the ground just outside the open front of the tent, thus completely enclosing us. There were between sixty and seventy people altogether in the encampment. They had large flocks of sheep and goats under their care; and, as we anticipated, they were near to a 'fountain of sweet water.'

"The sheik wished to have a kid killed for us. We declined, as we were in haste; but though we were provided with bread, my brother explained to me that etiquette obliged us to partake of theirs, and he said, 'Go and find the women, it will be a good opportunity for you to see the process of Bedouin bread-making.' I went to the other end of the encampment,—the glow of a red fire between the trees guided me. Two women were skilfully stirring and spreading burning embers on the ground with their hands, as freely as if fire had no

power to hurt them; another was kneading some paste. The rest of the women and girls came crowding round me caressingly and wonderingly. They stroked my face and hair, and especially marvelled at my closely fitting kid gloves, which I put off and on for their amusement. They exclaimed repeatedly, 'Oh, work of God!' One of the elder women said, 'Where are you going, O my daughter?' I answered, 'O my mother, I am going to "*El Kuds*" "The Holy"' (that is, Jerusalem). Then she said, as if by way of explanation to the others, 'They are pilgrims; God preserve them!'

"In the mean time, the bread was being made thus: in the open air, on a small circular hearth, formed of smooth round stones, spread evenly and close together on the ground, a brisk wood fire was kindled. When the stones of this primitive hearth were sufficiently heated, the embers were carefully removed, and the well-kneaded paste thrown on to the hot stones, and quickly covered with the burning ashes. In this way several cakes of unleavened bread were soon made ready. I returned to the tent. Our canteen and provisions had been unpacked, much to the amusement of the men, who were especially pleased with the knives and forks and spoons. Wooden bowls of cream and milk were brought, and the flat cakes of bread were served quite hot. They had received the impression of the pebbles of which the hearth was composed. This most likely was the same sort of bread which Sarah of old made for the strangers, in obedience to Abraham's desire, when he said, 'Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth.'"

The description of the wild rites and ceremonies performed in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Easter, the clumsy miracle of the "holy fire," and its distribution among the crowd of half-insane devotees who have come from all parts of the East to gratify at once their love of spiritual excitement and their hatred of the religionists whose dogmas differ in any respect from their own—form one of the most amusing chapters of the book; but it is impossible, without making an extract of the whole, to give an idea of the prolonged and furious "faction fight" between the Greek and Armenian Christians, of which Miss Rogers was an unwilling spectator. It is worthy of remark, however, that upon this occasion the presence of a body of the Sultan's troops alone saved

the city from scenes of frightful bloodshed, so that whatever may be the faults of Turkish rule, it does not appear that Jerusalem, at least, would gain much from its immediate downfall, unless some European power is prepared with consent of the others to take the responsibility of guarding those holy places which have caused so much strife and bad feeling in Christendom.

Want of space also forbids us to extract any of the accounts of Eastern marriages and funerals, at several of which Miss Rogers was present, listening to and giving us translations of a few of the chants of the "singing women," and the "professional mourners," who continue to pursue their trade as in the reign of Solomon.

Miss Bremer's work, although only bearing the title of *Travels in the Holy Land*, has in reality a much wider range, and is altogether of a more ambitious character than Miss Rogers' interesting volume. In the course of an eight months' tour the authoress visited all the more interesting spots on the shore of the Levant, and beginning with a description of Etna and the towns of Sicily, bids adieu to her readers on the banks of the Golden Horn, after having conscientiously gone over the sights of Constantinople.

It appears to us that a considerable portion of the first volume, though perhaps both new and interesting to the author's countrymen, might with advantage have been omitted in an English translation, as almost every one in this country is to a certain extent familiar with the topography of Malta and the history of the Knights of St. John, either from the works of previous travellers or from the excellent handbooks of Mr. Murray, so justly dear to the heart of the British tourist. At Jerusalem Miss Bremer makes the round of all the usual "lions," and again we feel that, however interesting the most minute details of excursions to oft-visited scenes may be to the friends and acquaintances of the writer, some discretion is necessary in selecting intellectual food for the sated appetite of English readers. Her pilgrimage to Jericho is well described, though one cannot help remarking that the following pretty piece of word-painting is somewhat marred by the needless epithet applied to the Jordan, which reminds one a little of the "*distinguished* poet Shakspeare."

"One is still high amongst the mountains, but below them stretches, from north to south, between the hills of Moab and Judea, an extent of verdant meadow-land several English miles broad. In the middle of this green flat is mapped out a softly waving garland-like line of bright green leafy wood, beneath which flows, as yet invisible to the inquiring gaze, the celebrated river of Jordan. Far away to the north the banks seem to elevate themselves till they become low hills—partly bare of wood. To the south the Dead Sea shines out light-blue from its dark rocky background. The lower we descend the more open becomes the view, the more beautiful and unusual the scene, above which the summer-blue sky expands itself loftily and full of light. But I could only imperfectly enjoy it, for the heat and the jolting of the horse down the hill, made me so weary, that with almost exclusive love and longing I gazed merely at one spot on the level below, where a crowd of white and blue-green tents shone forth brightly in the midday sunshine. It was the camp of the pilgrims in the Valley of Jericho; it was also the spot where our tents were to be pitched, and we were to rest. I longed inexpressibly to be there. We had been riding nearly seven hours in the heat of the sun."

We do not much admire the taste which has led the authoress to dilate upon the physical inconvenience suffered by a young German matron, one of her companions in this excursion, on account of the absence of her infant, and the remedies it was found necessary to apply; such details of the nursery, although worthy the attention of the physiological student, being not in the slightest degree interesting to the world at large.

The account of the precipitous rock of Massada, on the shore of the Dead Sea, and of the winding road from the summit, which by a rather bold figure of speech is said to make "incessant circumlocutions," would be of more value had Miss Bremer actually visited the spot instead of describing it from hearsay.

Before leaving Jerusalem our authoress indulges in a long discussion upon all the subjects which have passed through her mind while there, but we fear the majority of readers will be inclined to skip this portion of the book, which is *apropos de rien*, and in some places unintelligible. It includes a quotation from Tacitus with regard to the marriages of the Ancient Germans, vague speculations as to the "significance of history," the "great world plan," and the physical geography of the Asiatic continent.

We are enlightened as to the opinion Miss Bremer holds on the philosophy of Confucius and the religion of Buddha, and it will be gratifying to our Hebrew fellow-citizens to learn that she entirely approves of the conduct of their ancestors in exterminating the inhabitants of Canaan. After a short digression on miracles, and a long quotation from the *Erde und Völkerkunde* of Carl Ritter, and the works of Zoroaster, the authoress takes the public completely into her confidence, and expatiates at some length upon her own fervent, but as it appears to us somewhat illogical piety.

Embarking on board the Russian steamer at Jaffa she voyages northward, and pays a flying visit to the Druses of the Lebanon, upon whose faith and morals she is very severe, although candidly admitting that she derives her ideas chiefly from the gossip of the townspeople of Beirout. The Maronites, however, do not fare much better at her hands than do their enemies of the mountain, and before quitting the shores of Syria the authoress, in order to be perfectly impartial, criticises the Koran without finding much to admire, and makes a few remarks condemnatory of the private character of Mohammed.

At Smyrna she abandons her original intention of going to Athens, and secures a berth on board the Constantinople steamer, thus for the first time, as we are informed, "obeying an impulse which had not its root in a spiritual necessity." Miss Bremer concludes a short treatise on the present condition of Turkey as follows:—

"The great powers of Russia, England, and France see it, and—keep principally watch upon each other, in the fear that he who undertakes to help may himself also seize upon the country. Syria and Palestine stand, in the mean time, exposed to the storm, as now also in Jerusalem the temple of Christ, with its riven cupola and Holy Sepulchre, whilst the Latin and the Greek Church will neither allow the other to repair the damage, from the fear that whichever shall do so will then claim it as his own.

"Such a state of things is not admirable, nor worthy of Christian nations."

Perhaps not—but unless a practical solution of the difficulty can be discovered more likely to prove satisfactory to all parties concerned than would be either a partition of the Ottoman Empire or the handing it over to Russia (as the author's note in page 41 appears to recommend), the Eastern question must remain for an indefinite period *in statu quo*, a source of continual uneasiness to diplomats, and a subject deserving the deepest consideration of thoughtful politicians.

From The Press.

POEMS BY A PAINTER.*

THE poetry of a painter will naturally be more minute in its descriptions, more delicate in its shades of color, more characteristic of a perceptive and observant eye, than that of a man who has never cultivated the sister art. The highest poetry is not minutely descriptive, but rather suggestive. The poet's eye sees the whole, but not all. The poet sees the great glory of a regal sunset, but does not try to detect and analyze every shade and tone of its color. He tells you, perhaps, that he has seen in the west the wings of an army of seraphim, and every man colors the accident for himself. Not so the painter. He must catch every tint, every shadow, every nuance. His eye must be microscopic. And thus, when he strives to paint in words, we expect from him greater delicacy and detail.

Some men, not painters, have written such poetry as we indicate. But this only shows that they might have been painters. The mere elements—the business of palette and brush—they have never learnt; and so there is a painter lost. Poetry has this advantage over the sister arts, that its practice is easily open to everybody. Everybody learns reading and writing, and (except Mr. Bright) English grammar. But mere drawing—mere fingering a piano—mere cutting stone with a chisel—are matters not to be acquired on the instant. Perhaps this—which is in one way an advantage to poetry—is in another way a disadvantage. For whereas we find a great many people writing intolerable books of verse, elementary difficulties render far less numerous the intolerable painters and sculptors and composers of music. And the transcendent genius may usually be trusted to conquer all obstacles.

The author of "Poems by a Painter" tells us that many of them were written in very early life. Although written, perhaps, before Mr. Tennyson's influence was as much felt as it has been for the last twenty years, several of the poems are unmistakably Tennysonian. This may easily be the case without imitation. The Laureate has influenced his age, but he is the product of his age; and if Leibnitz and Newton could sim-

* *Poems by a Painter.* Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.

ultaneously discover a new science, or Leverrier and Adams a new planet, there is nothing remarkable if several men at the same moment attempt to give to poetry greater delicacy and polish. Moreover, Mr. Tennyson would scarcely have been what he is but for the influence of Shelley and Keats on the one hand, of Wordsworth and Coleridge on the other; and these very influences must have acted on other men. We do not imagine our author to have been influenced directly by Mr. Tennyson. "Syrinx," the first poem in the volume, reminds us very much of Keats; but is simpler in style, and devoid of that luscious overgrowth of epithets which spoilt Keats' earlier writings. "Through the Water" is very beautiful. Take its first stanza:—

"Lower and lower sinks the weary moon
Towards the vapory bar.
Higher and higher soars the morning star
Through the flushed heaven of June.
The east grows pale—it will be morning soon!
Up through the gusty sound,
Each with his glimmering foam-wreath
crowned,
The ocean waves come ramping,
Ramping and rolling with haughty roar,
Line after line, in the wan moonshine,
Like an army of heroes proudly tramping
To death on a hostile shore.
And ever the salt winds sob and sigh,
And the sheeted spindrift whistles by,
Like the voice and the tears of agony.
And cold as the breath
Of slander or death
The balmy midnight air has grown,
As I drive fast and free,
With the send of the sea,
With the long weary wash of the salt, singing
sea—
The moon in my white sail, the foam-fire a-lee,
In the night of my sorrow, alone."

What can be finer than

"The long weary wash of the salt, singing
sea"?

One other verse we must quote from this charming poem:—

"A purple splendor swathes the mountain
steeps;
Slowly night's cloudy cèrements are withdrawn;
And, as a spirit from the charnel leaps,
Leaps up the east the glory of the dawn!
Eastward the strong wind bloweth,
Eastward the great sea floweth,
Eastward the wan haze traileth,
Eastward the sea-bird saileth,
Eastward the dark earth turneth,
Eastward my lone heart yearneth,

And eastward, eastward strain my yearning
 eyes
 To where beyond the veil of mist,
 Stretched like a cloud of faintest amethyst,
 Headland and valley, crag and shadowy
 cove,
 Athwart the track of morn the island lies:
 The island that I love!
 And there, ah! there—
 Peace, burning heart within thy crimson
 deeps;
 Thy reign at last is o'er!—
 Amid the halo of its golden hair
 The sweet face sleeps;
 The pale, sweet face, that I shall see no
 more!"

These lines are extremely beautiful; instinct with a mystical music suggested by "the salt, singing sea." But perhaps the most exquisite gem among the "Painter's" poems is a brief lyric—"Under the Western Star," with which we conclude our notice:—

"Under the western star,
 Under the low gleams of the crescent moon,
 I see his white sail gliding from afar,
 In the warm wind of June.

"Blow wind of summer, blow!
 Nor linger in the gardens of the west:
 Blow, blow; thou bringest all too slow
 The loved one to my breast.

"Too slow, my heart, too slow
 For thy fond pulses, that tumultuous beat
 As they would burst their bounds, and seaward
 flow
 To clasp him ere we meet.

"Fades the sweet evening light
 In purple splendors of the summer dark;
 But starlike in the glow of my delight
 Glimmers his homeward bark.

"He comes! I hear his keel
 Gride on the silver shingle of the shore;
 Peace, foolish heart! nor all thy joy reveal
 At meeting him once more."

THE ASS AND THE LADDER.—In *Biblia Sacra Hebraica (Bibliotheca Sussejana, vol. i. p. xi.)* is the following expression, "May this book not be damaged, neither this day nor forever, until the ass ascends the ladder." Query, the legend?

A. W. H.

[The passage at the end of this manuscript (Sæc. xiii.) reads as follows: "I, Meyer, the son of Rabbi Jacob, the scribe, have finished this book for Rabbi Abraham, the son of Rabbi Nathan, the 5052nd year (A.D. 1292); and he has bequeathed it to his children and his children's children forever. Amen. Amen. Amen. Selah. Be strong and strengthened. May this book not be damaged, neither this day nor forever, until the Ass ascends the Ladder. Like the Latin phrase of Petronius "asinus in tegulis" (an ass on the housetop), which is supposed to signify something impossible and incredible, the saying "until the ass ascends the ladder," is a proverbial expression among the Rabbins, for what will never take place; e.g., "Si ascenderit asinus per scalas, inveniatur scientia in mulieribus;"—a proposition so uncomplimentary to the superior sex, that we leave it in Buxtorf's Latin.—*Notes and Queries.*

SIR FRANCIS PAGE was the son of the Vicar of Bloxham in Oxfordshire. He assumed the coif Dec. 14, 1704; became king's sergeant Jan. 26, 1714-15; a baron of the Exchequer May 22, 1718; a justice of the Common Pleas Nov. 4, 1726, and a justice of the King's Bench Sept. 27, 1727. He always felt a luxury in condemning a prisoner, which obtained for him the epithet of "the hanging judge." Treating

a poor thatcher at Dorchester with his usual rigor, the man exclaimed after his trial—

"God, in his rage,
 Made a Judge Page."

Page was the judge who tried Savage for murder, whom he seemed anxious to condemn; indeed, he owned that he had been particularly severe against him. When decrepit from old age, as he passed along from court, a friend inquired particularly of the state of his health. He replied, "My dear sir, you see I keep hanging on, hanging on." He died on Dec. 18, 1741, aged eighty, at his seat at North Aston in Oxfordshire.—*Vide Noble's Biog. History of England, iii. 203.—Notes and Queries.*

PAPER MONEY AT LEYDEN.—Mr. Dineley, in his MS. account of the Low Countries, written in 1674, describes the paper money made at the siege of Leyden in 1574, in these words:—

"During the siege of this city (Leyden), which held even almost to the famishment of many, they made money of paper, with these devices—*Hæc libertatis ergo; Pugno pro patriâ; Godt behoed Leyden.* Some of their pieces remain to this day in the hands of the curious of the University. This siege began a little after Easter, and was raised, and ended the 3d of October, 1574."

Paper in this description must mean pasteboard, for pen-and-ink drawings of these coins are shown in Mr. Dineley's book, about the size of crown-pieces, with a lion crowned, and cross-keys as devices.

Is there any instance of this kind of money in use in any other country than Holland?

THOS. E. WINNINGTON.

—*Notes and Queries.*